

More Christian Endeavor Playlets

Assembled and edited by
E. W. THORNTON

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More Christian Endeavor Playlets

ASSEMBLED AND EDITED BY

E. W. THORNTON, 1863-



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CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| FOREWORD | 7 |
| WHY PRAY FOR OTHERS?..... | 9 |
| HOW CAN NATIONS PRACTICE THE GOLDEN RULE?..... | 13 |
| SHALL WE ABOLISH OR EXPAND MISSIONS? WHY?..... | 17 |
| WHAT IS OUR CHURCH PLANNING THIS YEAR?..... | 21 |
| HOW MAY ENDEAVORERS CRUSADE WITH CHRIST?..... | 24 |
| WAYS OF STUDYING THE BIBLE..... | 26 |
| LESSONS FROM JOHN'S FIRST EPISTLE..... | 29 |
| THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE FOR NON-CHRISTIAN NATIONS..... | 32 |
| FAITH, AND WHAT IT DOES..... | 34 |
| WHY AND HOW WIN OTHERS TO CHRIST..... | 37 |
| PETER, A GREAT EVANGELIST..... | 41 |
| WHAT BARRIERS KEEP PEOPLE AWAY FROM CHRIST?..... | 44 |
| SUCCESSFUL EVANGELISM IN MISSION FIELDS..... | 48 |
| WHAT IS INVOLVED IN DECIDING FOR CHRIST?..... | 53 |
| WHY EVERYBODY NEEDS CHRIST..... | 56 |
| WHY WE BELIEVE WE LIVE FOREVER..... | 58 |
| WHAT IS A USEFUL LIFE?..... | 61 |
| HOW MAY WE FIND OUR LIFE-WORK?..... | 64 |
| DEVELOPING GOOD WILL THROUGH THE HOME..... | 67 |
| WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF WAR?..... | 69 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| HOW MISSIONARIES ADVANCE WORLD PEACE..... | 71 |
| HOW AVOID A SUMMER SLUMP IN OUR SOCIETY WORK..... | 74 |
| PRAYER IN THE LIFE OF LEADERS..... | 77 |
| HOW GREAT LEADERS SERVED THEIR GENERATION..... | 80 |
| HOW JESUS MADE LEADERS OF HIS DISCIPLES..... | 83 |
| GREAT MISSIONARY LEADERS..... | 87 |
| JOYS AND DANGERS WHEN AWAY FROM HOME..... | 92 |
| WORTH-WHILE HOBBIES | 95 |
| SOME GOOD SUMMER READING..... | 97 |
| MISSIONS IN CHANGING CHINA..... | 101 |
| CHANCES TO SERVE CHRIST IN SUMMER..... | 104 |
| HOW TO BECOME TRULY POPULAR..... | 107 |
| WHEN JESUS TRAVELED: WHAT HE SAW AND DID..... | 111 |
| IS EDUCATION WORTH WHAT IT COSTS? WHY?..... | 114 |
| WHY ARE INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS WORTH WHILE?..... | 117 |
| OUR CRUSADE PLANS..... | 120 |
| HOW INCREASE OUR MEMBERSHIP?..... | 123 |
| HOW IMPROVE OUR ORGANIZATION AND TEAMWORK..... | 125 |
| HOW WOULD I SPEND A MILLION DOLLARS ON MISSIONS?..... | 129 |
| HOW MAY WE HELP FOLKS IN OUR COMMUNITY?..... | 133 |
| MARKS OF A GOOD CITIZEN..... | 136 |
| CHRISTIANS AND SUNDAY..... | 140 |
| MAKING AMERICA CHRISTIAN..... | 143 |
| WHY SUPPORT THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT? HOW?..... | 146 |

CONTENTS

5

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| WHAT DOES BROTHERHOOD MEAN?..... | 149 |
| JESUS AN EXAMPLE OF STEWARDSHIP..... | 153 |
| THINGS FOR WHICH WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL..... | 156 |
| OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL..... | 159 |
| THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS..... | 163 |
| HOW TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY..... | 167 |
| JOY TO THE WORLD..... | 170 |
| THINGS THIS YEAR HAS TAUGHT US..... | 173 |



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FOREWORD

The volume preceding this, and edited by Miss Henrietta Heron, was received with such acclaim that the book we here launch as its successor is sure of an enthusiastic reception.

The material in both books will continue to be in demand, for it is the *idea* of illustrating Christian truth in playlets or brief pageants that makes them valuable. You will find in the former volume the names of most of the writers who have prepared the playlets in this. There are four new names here, however, and all the writers have done most excellent work.

In both the former volume and this, young people will find a reservoir of splendid material that will brighten the Endeavor meetings and impress the lesson by means of apt illustration.

MORE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLAYLETS

WHY PRAY FOR OTHERS?

(Acts 2: 39; Jas. 1: 5-7)

By DAISY M. MOORE

CHARACTERS.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY, in yellow.

LOVE, in pink.

FAITH, in white.

HOPE, in blue.

SICKNESS, in gray, powdered heavily to simulate paleness.

DESPAIR, in black.

SIN, in red, painted brightly.

(Each should wear her name on head-band or on sash from shoulder to hip.)

Despair (head in hand)—I wonder how long I shall be compelled to eke out this sort of existence. It has been so long since joy and hope fled out of my life and misery came in that I can scarcely remember the bright days of my youth. I *did* struggle against the blackness for a time, but I no longer feel able to make the effort. What is the use, anyway?

(Sickness enters, panting and weak. Holds hand to side, as if in pain. Sinks into chair.)

Despair (stares vacantly at Sickness)—And who are you? You look as if you might be my sister in distress.

Sickness (pantingly)—I am Sickness.

Distress—Yes, I thought I knew you. [Bitterly:] You are not the most cheerful person in the world!

Sickness (weakly)—Pray, how could I look cheerful when I am suffering? Do you not know that daily pain dims the eyes and takes color out of the cheeks?

Despair—Uhm [nodding listlessly]. Been feeling bad long?

Sickness—I really can't tell how many years it has been. I have stopped counting.

Despair—Doesn't anything relieve you?

Sickness—No, nothing. I have tried this, that and the other thing, but—oh, what's the use? Nobody cares.

Despair—If I didn't pity myself so much, I'd be sorry for you. Ho! here comes another member of our fraternity, judging from the somber face.

(Sin enters, sad-faced and slowly, pausing just inside door. She looks dully from one to the other.)

Sickness (turning to *Despair*)—I believe this is Sin.

Sin (slowly)—You are right. I am Sin and I am of all men most miserable.

Despair—Wait a minute! You must be in the very depths if you are more forlorn than *Sickness* and me.

Sin (sitting down)—I pity you from the bottom of my heart if you suffer as I do. You may say that I brought it on myself. Maybe I did, but that makes it no easier. Life looked pleasant and the things I did were rather harmless, but now everything worth while has gone from me. What help is there for me? I am friendless and miserable, and can not better myself.

Despair—Well, we are a doleful trio, to be sure! Wouldn't it be wonderful if, after all, there was some one who cared, if there should be help for us somewhere. Listen!

(As *Despair* says, "Help for us," the pianist plays "For You I Am Praying," and *Friend of Humanity* comes singing from side of platform, or back of church. Her song, of course, is "For You I Am Praying." Arrived at chorus, as she sings, "For you I am praying," she looks compassionately from one to the other on platform. *Despair*, *Sickness* and *Sin* watch her wonderingly.)

Friend of Humanity (smiling)—Why these sober faces, pray?

Despair—The face is the mirror of the heart. But who are you? You appear so happy that it is a joy to look upon you.

Friend of Humanity—I am the *Friend of Humanity*.

Sin—What makes your face so shining?

Friend of Humanity—Since my heart is glad, my face, too, must be.

Sickness—But why are you glad? We are all sad. (Shakes head dolefully.)

Friend of Humanity—I am glad because I love all the world and I love every one because Christ first loved every one. When we love any one we always try to help him, don't we?

Sickness (leaning forward eagerly)—Can you help us?

Friend of Humanity—Yes, by prayer. Prayer is wonderful in its power; it helps; it heals; it quickens to new life. (Despair, Sin and Sickness all lean forward, drinking in her words with brightening eyes.)

Sin—But why do you pray for others?

Friend of Humanity—Because of love. I have helpers in my work, you see. Here is Love.

Love (entering, goes to side of Friend of Humanity)—I am Love. Christ taught much about love. Without love there is no light, no joy, no helpfulness. Friend of Humanity uses me in her care of her human family. Love is the first law of our Lord.

(Friend of Humanity and Love sing duet, "Prayer," "Sacred Solos and Duets," No. 2.)

Sickness—Do you believe your prayers for us shall be answered?

Friend of Humanity—Certainly. James said: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick."

Sickness (lifting eyes heavenward and clasping hands)—Oh, that means me!

Friend of Humanity—Yes, it means you. And I have still other helpers. Behold my helper, Faith.

Faith (entering, takes place near Friend of Humanity)—I am Faith, and how glad I am to lend myself to all who desire my aid. Jesus said: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Sin (crossing nearer group)—Can prayer and faith save such as I?

Friend of Humanity—The Bible says: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And again: "Pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Despair (rising)—Almost you persuade me to believe that there is something to look forward to.

Friend of Humanity—Indeed there is. I want to introduce another of my splendid coworkers. This, friends, is Hope.

Hope (entering, joins group)—Yes, there is much of brightness in the future for each of you if you will trust and obey, believe and love, hope and pray.

Friend of Humanity—My aides and I pray for you all, and we join hands to help you. Then, too, will you not help yourselves and others by doing as Hope has just said?

Despair, Sin and Sickness (in beseeching attitudes)—We shall do this gladly, since you have taught us how. Wonderful! wonderful!

Friend of Humanity, Love, Faith and Hope form a protecting semi-circle around the other three and sing:

BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

“’Tis the blessed hour of prayer,
 When our hearts lowly bend,
 And we gather to Jesus,
 Our Saviour and Friend;
 If we come to Him in faith,
 His protection to share,
 What a balm for the weary!
 Oh, how sweet to be there!

CHORUS.

“Blessed hour of prayer,
 Blessed hour of prayer,
 What a balm for the weary!
 Oh, how sweet to be there!

“’Tis the blessed hour of prayer;
 Trusting Him, we believe
 That the blessing we’re needing
 We’ll surely receive;
 In the fullness of this trust
 We shall lose every care;
 What a balm for the weary!
 Oh, how sweet to be there!”

—*Wonder Hymns of Faith.*

HOW CAN NATIONS PRACTICE THE GOLDEN RULE?

(Matt. 7: 12; 20: 20-29)

By DAISY M. MOORE

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE SAM—Wears regulation Uncle Sam costume, including hat.

CUBA—Dark-skinned; thin in first appearance; second appearance, robust.

| | | |
|---------|------------|---|
| ENGLAND | } Allies { | Pale and uneasy. (Powder for paleness.) |
| FRANCE | | Weak, distressed; lined faces in second appearance. |
| BELGIUM | | |

GREED—Fat and flashily dressed.

(In opening scene Uncle Sam sits on platform, hat on table. Hidden cornetist plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." Uncle Sam listens with pleased, far-off look.)

Uncle Sam—This task I have on my hands is a stupendous one. Sometimes I feel that the responsibility of such a huge and prosperous republic is too great for my shoulders. Our aim is to deal fairly with like nations and to be a big brother to lesser peoples. In the preamble to our Constitution these ideals were written as a foundation upon which the youthful United States was firmly to stand. [Bell rings.] Who comes?

Cuba (entering, bows low)—I am Cuba, sir.

Uncle Sam—Oh, yes, you lie to the south of us, in the sea. But what are you doing so far from home? You look distressed.

Cuba—I *am* distressed, sir. My country is in deep trouble, and I have come to you for help. [Impulsively approaches Uncle Sam.] My people are being imposed upon and ground down until we are desperate. Like the Macedonian of old, we cry [hands outstretched]: "Come over and help us!" Won't you come?

Uncle Sam—We shall see what can be done, Cuba. [Aside:] We were once oppressed ourselves.

[CURTAIN.]

(Director announces scene shifts, eighteen months later.)

(Uncle Sam on platform. Bell rings. Enter Cuba, this time erect, prosperous. Taking Uncle Sam's hand, he bows his head upon it.)

Uncle Sam—Upon my word, if it isn't Cuba! How are you *now*, young chap?

Cuba—Fine, sir. I want to try to express my appreciation to you for your kindness to us, but words are powerless. How grateful we shall always be to you!

Uncle Sam—Never mind that, Cuba. We simply did our duty. (Exit Cuba. Bell rings.)

Greed (entering)—Well, Uncle Sam, now that we have the Spaniards where they belong, and Cuba under our thumb, I guess we can make a big thing of it, eh?

Uncle Sam—What do you mean?

Greed—Well, look at Cuba's tropical resources! Her people are dark-skinned and uneducated. Why, we can take anything we like from them!

Uncle Sam (sternly)—You—you monster! Shame on you even to suggest such a thing. Begone! [Exit Greed. Uncle Sam stamps about furiously.] The wretch! Those weak, unfortunate people shall have the friendship and protection of the United States until such time as they are fitted to govern themselves.

[CURTAIN.]

(Director announces, "Many years later.")

Uncle Sam (sitting, head in hands)—This war is a monstrous thing! (Bell rings. Enter England, France and Belgium, sad-faced and worn. They bow to Uncle Sam.)

Uncle Sam (rising in greeting)—Our friends from across the sea! Welcome! I have been thinking of you. Your hearts must be very heavy. Sit down, please, and tell me how the battle goes.

England—It goes more and more against us. We need money, United States, hundreds of thousands of dollars, if we are to wage effective warfare against our enemies.

France—And we need nurses and doctors, United States. You can not know our great need.

Belgium—And my country is being laid waste. My people are starving. We must have food. Will you help? (Entreatingly.)

Uncle Sam (shaking head pityingly)—This is too bad, friends. We shall make the loans and furnish food and doctors and nurses—and [softly] we shall pray for you.

Allies (in unison)—God bless you, United States. You can not know what this means to us.

England (as they pass out)—And we may need *you*, United States, before we are through.

[CURTAIN.]

(Director announces, "One year later.")

(Bell rings. Enter England, France and Belgium, ragged and distressed, and with lined faces.)

Uncle Sam (hands outstretched sympathetically)—Fares it so ill with you, friends?

(England and France drop into chairs, while Belgium sinks sobbing to floor.)

England (hand to heart)—It has come, United States; *we need you!*

France—Yes, they are pressing us back, back, back! Oh! [Throws out arm with cry of desperation. Belgium, on floor, weeps audibly.]

England—It is unspeakable! Our sons and husbands and fathers are dying by the thousands.

France—Others are deafened and blinded and maddened by the gases and horror! [Shuddering.] If ever there was need in the world, United States, you are needed in France to-day. You are far from the battlefield, but you are feeling its effects.

Belgium (looking up)—If our enemies win, the finest ideals of humanity go down to defeat; greed and militarism shall reign.

Uncle Sam (striding back and forth, head low)—God help us all. We—must—go!

[CURTAIN.]

(Director announces, "A year and a half later.")

(Uncle Sam sits at table, head in hand. Bells ring violently, whistles blow.)

Uncle Sam (sits upright, then springs to feet)—Praise God! This can only mean that the armistice has been signed. The blackest war in all history has ended. Yet millions mourn even as the bells peal forth their welcome news. It matters not for the billions of dollars we have spent and loaned to needy nations; we can make *more* money.

But the precious lives that have been sacrificed in the struggle! It *can't* have been in vain if Justice reigns. (Bell rings.)

Greed (with a smirk)—Uncle Sam, don't you think we ought to claim some of that territory that Europe has been fussing about? We won the war, didn't we? "To the victor belongs the spoil," you know.

Uncle Sam (striding swiftly toward *Greed*, who disappears quickly)—You here again? You coward! Never let me see your face again! The United States has done her duty as she saw it. We neither expected nor desired to gain anything save freedom and fairness to all peoples. But, please God, the "Stars and Stripes" shall ever challenge imperialism and injustice!

(Stands with bowed head, while hidden cornetist plays "The Star-Spangled Banner.")

SHALL WE ABOLISH OR EXPAND MISSIONS? WHY?

(Matt. 28: 18-20; Acts 1: 8)

(Pantomime Pageant.)

By DAISY M. MOORE

CHARACTERS.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS—Draped in white; white head-band.

TWO MISSIONARIES—Draped in white.

THREE HEATHEN WORSHIPERS—In dark robes.

SOLOIST—Who sings softly.

READER—Who reads Scriptures in distinct, measured tones.

All the music in the pageant is furnished by the soloist, with the exception of the last hymn, "The Morning Light Is Breaking," which should be sung with glad, quick movement by a full chorus.

Statuettes or large figures of humans or animals are used as idols. These appear at the opening of the pageant, at the rear of the platform.

The light on the Bible carried by the Spirit of Missions may be made by lashing four flashlights together, one light in each direction, and covering them with white or yellow tissue-paper. The paper has the effect of diffusing the light into a luminous whole.

A spotlight is used for the platform. The Reader and Soloist use flashlights for their work. Red light is used on platform until the Heathen Worshipers turn from their idols, when a yellow light replaces it.

When the Heathen Worshipers throw off their dark robes and the chorus sings "The Morning Light Is Breaking," a white light is used, and brightens as the song swells forth.

Another desirable feature may be added by cutting the words "The Light of the World" or "God Is Light" from a large cardboard box in which a bulb or two can be placed. Place thin tissue-paper over the letters on the inside of the box for best results.

This box should be placed at the side of the platform, out of range of the spotlight, where it will show up well.

Soloist—"The Light of the World Is Jesus," one stanza and chorus.

Reader—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

(During the reading a Heathen Worshiper comes in and prostrates herself before the idols at the back of platform.)

Reader—"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

Soloist—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains," one stanza.

Reader—"A drought is upon her waters; and they shall be dried up: for it is the land of graven images, and they are mad upon their idols. . . . The Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods. For all the gods of the nations are idols; but the Lord made the heavens."

(During the above two more Heathen Worshipers come in and kneel before the idols.)

Soloist—"Send the Light," one stanza and chorus.

Reader—"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things! . . . And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

(As above is read, Spirit of Missions slowly advances toward the platform, with her eyes on the light, which is resting on the Bible which she carries. At "I heard a voice saying" she pauses, raises her head in a listening attitude, and at "send me" she quickens her step until she reaches steps of platform, where, on seeing the kneeling women, she stops.)

Reader—"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. . . . And even if our gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that perish."

(At the words "if our gospel is veiled," Spirit of Missions turns to audience with outstretched hands, as if pleading for help in her task, and at "to them that perish," left hand on breast, right thrown out toward Heathen Worshipers, at whom she looks with compassion.)

Soloist—"Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest," one stanza.

(In middle of stanza two Missionaries approach platform in response to Spirit of Mission's wordless cry. They should draw near as the singer says, "The golden morn is passing.")

(Spirit of Missions puts hand above eyes as she peers into the shadows at approaching Missionaries. Recognizing them as helpers, she goes eagerly to meet them, puts an arm about each and leads them to the right of platform, where she turns them toward the kneeling women. All look sad.)

Reader—"And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them."

(Spirit of Missions and Missionaries turn back to the Bible. Spirit of Missions turns leaves while Missionaries look over her shoulder.)

Reader—"Arise, and stand upon thy feet: for to this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things wherein thou hast seen me, and of the things wherein I shall appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God."

(During the reading, "to open their eyes," Missionaries go to Worshipers and try to persuade them to turn to the light. Spirit of Missions hovers near, then turns sadly to Bible and turns leaves.)

Reader—"For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

(During the above, Missionaries still urge Heathen Worshipers to turn from their idols. At the final words the Heathen Worshipers turn slowly, hesitatingly about. Yellow light comes on. Spirit of Missions turns leaves.)

Reader—"And this is the message which we have heard from him and announce unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

(As the above is read, the Heathen Worshipers, with Missionaries gently urgent, timidly advance a step toward Spirit of Missions and

light, hands clasped over breast. Their expressions are interested and pleading. Spirit of Missions sees them, smiles, beckons them to her with right hand, while the left rests upon Bible. This pose is held during first two lines of following song.)

Soloist—Chorus, "The Light of the World."

(At "Once I was blind," Heathen Worshipers slowly advance, with eager faces, toward Spirit of Missions and light. Spirit of Missions goes to them, puts her arms about them and leads them closer. She then returns and turns leaves of Bible.)

Reader—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

(As the above is being read, the faces of the dark-robed women brighten. They stand with shining eyes fixed on Spirit of Missions, hands clasped before them.)

Soloist—"Tell Me the Story of Jesus," one stanza and chorus.

(During the above, Heathen Worshipers, with hands over breast, look prayerfully at Spirit of Missions. After song, Spirit of Missions turns leaves.)

Reader—"For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through him."

(Dark-robed women kneel. Spirit of Missions and Missionaries stand with bowed heads while soloist sings.)

Soloist—"All to Jesus I Surrender," second stanza and chorus.

(Women rise and throw off their black garb, and, while Reader gives the following, Spirit of Missions goes to the center of platform, with light on Bible, which she holds. Missionaries and others close about her.)

Reader—"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd."

(During the above the faces of all the women in the pageant are uplifted in joy. White light is turned on and brightens as a chorus, in quick, joyous fashion, sings closing song.)

Chorus—"The Morning Light Is Breaking," first stanza.

WHAT IS OUR CHURCH PLANNING THIS YEAR?

(Acts 2: 41-47; 13: 1-3)

By DAISY M. MOORE

CHARACTERS.

CHURCH.

ORGANIZATION.

MINISTER.

PRAYER.

LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE.

MISSIONS.

Church is chief character; should be in gray or dark robe with white surplice. Bible in hand. All other characters in white robes, with names printed in gold on sash which reaches from shoulder to hip.

It is desirable to have each character sing his song. If this is not possible, a soloist or choir may furnish the music. A number of songs are named in order that a choice may be made by director.

All on platform when curtain rises. Organist softly plays prelude to "The Church's One Foundation" or "I Love Thy Church, O Lord," and entire group sings the hymn (or part of it). It is well to have both soprano and alto singers in group—makes more melody. Select for Minister a man with good bass or tenor voice.

(At conclusion of hymn all are seated except Church.)

Church—Truly, the church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, our Lord. We all realize this as we meet to-day to plan our work for the new year. The church has many departments of activity to look after, and various phases of work. I am glad to see each department represented to-day, and to note that each of you looks fit and willing for the labors ahead. We are failing of our duty, our best, if we do not better the church's condition each year. Organization, you look wide awake; have you outlined any course of action?

Organization (rising as Church sits)—I plan this year to add greatly to our numbers, not only through baptized believers, but I find that throughout our bounds there are transients, or new arrivals, many of whom, unless sought out by church people, do not attend a

service of worship anywhere. Staying away from church is a habit easily formed and very hard to break. I make it my business to call upon these people and tell them they may worship with us and that we would be glad to see them any Lord's Day. To those newcomers belonging to different communions not represented here I always extend a cordial invitation to attend our services. They are welcome within our doors. I shall use all my power of persuasion to make people see how important it is to affiliate themselves with the church. (Sings one verse of "Why Not Now?")

Church—This is good, but do not forget the many of our own community who make no profession of religion at all. [Organization is seated.] One of the first duties of the church is to select a minister, and he, in turn, obligates himself to preach the gospel, the fine, pure, simple truths of the Bible. In these days there is too much departing from the truth of the gospel as recorded by inspired writers. Far too much stepping aside from God's word. I can not insist too strongly upon the habit of earnest study of the Scriptures by the minister. I am sure the man to whom we listen with profit every Lord's Day will endorse this sentiment.

Minister (rising)—I am glad to have the opportunity to assert here and now that it is my constant aim to preach Christ and Him crucified. The Bible is my text-book. There is truth enough and love enough and faith enough in it to redeem the world. (Sings "Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.")

Church—I could wish for no finer pledge. I know you include your general stewardship duties, your pastoral duties, within this declaration. They are important, but the preaching of the gospel is of first importance. [Minister resumes seat.] Prayer, may we hear from you?

Prayer (rising)—Prayer, prayer, and still more prayer, is my motto for the year. Thanksgiving at the table, family worship and attendance at and participation in prayer-meeting I am urging upon our church people. I shall ask the minister to give us a sermon occasionally upon the subject this year. (Sings "Sweet Hour of Prayer.")

Church—Thank you, Prayer. [Prayer resumes seat.] Lord's Day Observance, are you ready to report a course of action?

Lord's Day Observance (rising)—The proper observance of the Lord's Day will mean the attendance at church services. I shall stress the injunction, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." Automobiles could be made my friends, but they are my enemies. Peo-

ple seem pleasure-mad, but I am alert to the menace and shall spare no pains to carry out my program. If I can keep people from pleasure-journing on the Lord's Day, there is a chance that I can get them into the sanctuary for the needed weekly meditation and spiritual refreshing. (Sings "Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness," or "Safely Through Another Week.")

Church—I wish you splendid success in this all-important phase of our work, Lord's Day Observance. [Lord's Day Observance is seated.] We shall hear now from our wide-awake sister, Missions. She carries out our Lord's last command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Missions (rising)—Why, dear Church, I mean to create more interest in missions. If we could but get the missionary literature and information into each home, our missionary work would grow amazingly. If people would read those stories of *real missionaries* and learn the great need, I am sure they would contribute generously and more young people would be impelled to take up the work the Master began here on earth. All missionary activities should hold at least one public meeting each year in order to bring the work to the attention of the church at large. And I, too, shall request the minister to discuss this subject from the pulpit. My responsibility this year is very great. Without missions the church of Christ would have been a localized institution in the far East. Its course has been ever westward, and now we hear a pitiful cry from distant lands for the light. (Sings "Send the Light.")

Church—I can not but commend such inspired work as yours, Missions. [Missions sits.] And now, as we go about our several duties, we pray for strength and guidance. Let us lift our voices in praise to God before we part.

(Entire group sings "Holy, Holy, Holy.")

HOW MAY ENDEAVORERS CRUSADE WITH CHRIST?

(Rom. 12: 1-9)

(Playlet for Christian Endeavor Day.)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

A READER, who may remain in full view of the audience, and, while all the members should join in the singing, at least twelve or fourteen members should take part in the march to the platform.

(The playlet opens with all the C. E. members in their accustomed places in the room. At a signal the entire society begins singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Those taking an active part rise, fall in line and march in pairs, singing, to the platform or to the front of the room, facing the audience.)

Reader (at the close of the first stanza and chorus)—Christian Endeavor Day. *Your day*. And yet—you are not altogether happy, not altogether satisfied with what you have done during the year that is past. A little bit worried and anxious as to what your society may be able to accomplish in the year that is to come. Perhaps you are not quite sure that you have been true Christian soldiers in word, thought and deed. Now, how will you Endeavorers lend aid in the crusade of Christ?

First Endeavorer—

The whole armor of faith we must put on;
With love feed His beacon fires' clear flame;
Our sign and our watchword shall ever be
His lowly cross, His sacred name.

(Society sings second stanza and chorus.)

Reader—There will be times when you are in the presence of unbelievers and scoffers—then will you have the courage to acknowledge Him?

Second Endeavorer—

“He that is not for me is against me,”
So said our Saviour when He dwelt on earth;
If we fail to proclaim our belief in Him,
Our loyalty is but of little worth.

(Society sings third stanza and refrain.)

Reader—Do you realize that each of you is a link in the great chain of humanity, and that no chain is stronger than its weakest link? Do you realize that you are helping in the crusade of Christ by doing your part in strengthening the chain?

Third Endeavorer—

As crusaders in His cause, we know
That we must bravely, cleanly live
As true followers of our brother, Christ—
Slow to anger, quick to forgive.

Fourth Endeavorer—

And, as Christian soldiers, this we know:
From all evil deeds we must refrain,
Be kind and faithful, upright and just;
That's our way to keep strong the chain.

Fifth Endeavorer—

And follow His footsteps the best we know,
In the armor of faith arrayed;
Loving, helping, praying as we go,
We'll be sharing in Christ's crusade.

(C. E. members sing last stanza and refrain. Those taking active part also march singing to their places in the room.)

WAYS OF STUDYING THE BIBLE

(2 Tim. 3:14-17; 2:15)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE and E. W. THORNTON

Curtain rises to the sound of children's voices (children somewhere out of sight) softly singing the first stanza of the song, "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us."

Near center of platform a young woman is seated with an open Bible upon her knee. At her feet kneels a small child in an attitude of prayer.

As stanza is finished, the child repeats the following simple prayer:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
In the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

While second stanza of the above song is being sung, the child rises from its knees, leans against the young woman for a moment, looking down at the Bible in her lap, then kisses her and quietly leaves the platform.

The mother, as if reading aloud to herself, reads Ps. 19:7-11, pausing after each verse and looking thoughtfully into space.

Mother (to herself)—Do I know the Bible well enough to guide the footsteps of my child along the paths of righteousness? I fear that I do not. I must read it, study it, and saturate my mind in its divine truth.

Let's see. I have read a book or heard a lecture on "How to Read the Bible"—how was it? I think first I shall read it one book at a time, writing down what seems to be the message of each book, especially the message intended for me.

Then I shall study the Bible by looking up its main subjects, such as love, faith, hope, God, Christ, heaven, prayer and worship.

Again, I shall study the Book according to its structure, and according to the way it seems to be meant to be studied. I shall study its history, its prophecies, its law and its biography. I shall try to find

out the purpose running through the Old Testament and the purpose running through the New Testament. I am sure that I shall find that the whole Bible centers in Jesus Christ. The Old Testament culminates in Him and the New Testament radiates from Him.

A little time each day spent in reading the Book of books soon will enable me to become familiar with its literature, which is acknowledged to be supreme among all the literatures of the world.

[CURTAIN.]

(Young woman sits at piano playing at random, and evidently is awaiting callers. Several Endeavorers arrive. She welcomes them and then says): "I am glad you are showing interest in Bible study and in the importance of the Bible to the world. I hope that you have found some excellent things among the many that have been said by great men and women in praise of the Scriptures. Fred, what did you find?"

Fred—I think this is fine; listen. "When James Russell Lowell was Minister of State to England, he attended a banquet in London where there was much scoffing against the Christian religion. When Mr. Lowell arose to speak, he referred to the literary and scientific men who are 'indulging in the amusement of going without religion.' He said, 'I will challenge such skeptics to find a place ten miles square on the globe where a man can live in comfort, security and decency, where he can find education for his children, reverence for infancy and old age, honor for womanhood, or any sacred regard for human life, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way.'"

Young Woman—That certainly is a great statement, Fred. Now, Hilda, what have you found?

Hilda—I have always been a great admirer of the character and personality of Daniel Webster. I find that it was with gratitude that he remembered the time when at his mother's feet or his father's knee he learned to lisp the sacred Scriptures that ever afterward were his daily study and vigilant contemplation. Mr. Webster said that if there was anything at all creditable in his style of oratory, the credit was due to the fact that his parents instilled into his mind when a child the words and truth of sacred Scripture.

Young Woman—We are getting along famously. I am glad to learn these things myself. I doubt if the public really knows the high esteem in which the Bible has been held by many of our greatest men and women. And now, Tom, what did you find?

Tom—There have been few men in our country who were more highly educated than Woodrow Wilson. He said: "I am sorry for men who do not read the Bible every day. I wonder why they deprive themselves of that strength and pleasure. It is one of the most singular books in the world, for every time you open it some old text that you have read a score of times suddenly beams out with a new meaning. . . . There is no other book that I know of which this is true; there is no other book that yields its meaning so personally, that seems to fit itself so intimately to the very spirit that is seeking guidance."

Young Woman (rising)—This evening surely has been worth while. We shall meet again some time for another study.

LESSONS FROM JOHN'S FIRST EPISTLE

(1 John 1:7-10; 3:1-3)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

A READER—Out of sight of audience, at right entrance.

A VOICE (or interlocutor)—At extreme left of platform, out of sight of the audience.

GIRL—President of C. E. society.

MEMBERS OF THE C. E. SOCIETY.

(To the music of "Abide with Me," played very softly, the curtain rises, showing the president of the Endeavor society, seated in an attitude of dejection and despondency, her head bowed upon her hands.)

Reader—There sits the president of a certain Christian Endeavor society. Six months ago, when she was elected unanimously, she was the proudest, happiest girl in this big, round world. She was proud of her office and of her many responsibilities. She told herself that she would rather be the president of her home-town Christian Endeavor society than to be President of the United States. Why, that girl was so proud and happy that she fairly walked on air.

Voice—Well, just look at her now. What's the matter?

Reader—Oh, she feels blue and discouraged and sad and down-hearted.

Voice—What's the matter? What has happened in six months to change her feelings?

Reader—Well, she planned to do much for the society, and she feels that she has done little or nothing—has missed many opportunities for usefulness and service. She feels that she has been a failure as president—a miserable, *miserable* failure!

Voice—And has she failed? The other members should know. What do they think about it?

(As the Voice speaks of them, the C. E. members come quietly upon the scene at left and stand closely grouped together at extreme left.)

Reader—Attention, C. E. members! I want you all to put on your thinking-caps. I want you to think, and think hard. Stand just where you are and think just which member of your society has been your greatest, strongest influence for good during the last half-year—the member who has been the kindest to you, the most helpful to you. Now, stand there together, but don't think together. Think for yourselves. Get busy now. Think hard.

(Just before the Reader ceases to speak, two of the members leave the group, go up to the president and coax her in pantomime to join the group. The three return to the group together. The members now strike attitudes of deep thought, some with eyes cast ceilingward, others with their eyes upon the floor. After a moment they begin to speak—not as though speaking to each other, but as if they were thinking aloud.)

First Christian Endeavor Member—She kept me from withdrawing from the society in a fit of childish anger; kept me from doing something that I should have regretted *always*—and she did not tell the others; she kept my foolish conduct a secret.

Second Christian Endeavor Member—She was kind and friendly to me when I came here a few months ago, a lonely, homesick stranger.

Third Christian Endeavor Member—She has, by her example, taught me to speak no evil of any one.

Fourth Christian Endeavor Member—I believe that she has cured me of pouting and sulking, by always being pleasant and cheerful herself.

Fifth Christian Endeavor Member—She, by her conduct, has taught me to be slow to anger and quick to forgive an injury.

(A bell rings sharply from right.)

Reader—Time's up! Now, young people, listen to me. I want you all to sing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and, as you sing, I want you to shake hands with one another; but, when you come to the C. E. member who has helped you most by word, deed or example, shake both hands with both your own in a warm, comradely clasp, and I am sure that the knowledge that she has helped some one will brighten the corner where she is. Now, are you all ready? Sing.

C. E. President (thinking aloud)—Oh, they have all been so kind to me and have helped me so much in every way! My! I wish that just for a little while all of their hands could be made into just one pair of hands, so that I could shake them all.

(The members exchange glances, nod and smile at each other as they begin to sing. Keeping rather closely grouped, they begin shaking hands with one another. A member—the first to shake hands with the president—holding her hands, gently pushes her into corner. The right-hand corner at back of platform will probably be most convenient. The members come to her and take both her hands in their own, while the emotions of surprise and embarrassment are registered upon her face. Finally she covers her face with her hands just before the last member approaches her, who gently takes her hands from her face.)

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE FOR NON-CHRISTIAN NATIONS

(Isa. 55: 8-11; Luke 8: 11-15)

(A Playlet in Pantomime.)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

A READER, invisible to audience, and who should have a sonorous, impressive and "carrying" voice.

FIVE GIRLS, costumed in white, flowing robes of classic design, with gold girdle, consisting of gold belt at waistline, two gold bands passing over the shoulders suspender-wise, but crossing in both back and front, the ends being confined under belt at waist.

This girdle can be made by pasting gilt paper on thin strips of cloth of the desired breadth (about two inches) and length.

Four of the girls represent Christian nations, and all through the pantomime they wear narrow gold bands about their heads, with a star upon their foreheads, and carry small, lighted tapers, furnishing the only light upon the platform.

The curtain rises, showing the fifth girl in a despairing, hopeless attitude, crouching at center of dimly lighted platform. She represents a non-Christian nation. Her eyes are blindfolded with a black bandage, there are heavy chains about her wrists, and over her white robe is a black, shroudlike robe or cloth entirely concealing the white. Her attitude is that of utter dejection.

Voices, as from far off, softly sing first stanza of song, "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."

Reader—"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." These were our Saviour's last words to His disciples.

Voices—Second stanza, "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."
(Sung as before.)

(During the singing the four Christian nations enter, take their places in pairs, facing one another and the crouching figure. The four form a sort of hollow square.

Reader—These are Christian nations. They are bound together by the sacred bond of their belief in almighty God and in the saving power of Christ's sacrifice to redeem the world. Christ's last message is forever with them, as if graven upon their hearts and minds in letters of gold. His words are to them as a holy command, a sacred trust to be fulfilled. They have given their gold, their toil and their hearts' blood in this service, and as they gaze upon this non-Christian nation, bowed down by the weight of her doubts and despair, blinded by her ignorance, bound by the chains of superstition, and shrouded by the dark mantle of unbelief, their dream, their hope and their ambition will ever be to bring her to the light of the world and help her to abide in His glory.

(Reader proceeds slowly, while the four Christian nations suit their actions to the words as they are read.)

Reader—They tear from her eyes the dark bandage of ignorance.

They strike from her wrists the chains of superstition. [Let the chains fall to the floor with a "clanging" noise.]

They set the star of hope upon her forehead, even as it shines upon their own.

They place in her hand the lighted taper of faith.

They give her the buckler and shield of God's holy word [a Bible which she carries pressed to her breast with her left hand until the curtain falls].

They help her stand upright in the knowledge of belief, and take her place among the Christian nations of the world as they take from her body the dark mantle of ignorance, disease and unbelief. (Reader repeats Matt. 28: 19, 20.)

This, then, is the Christian nations' hope and prayerful ambition, for were not these words the Saviour's last message to His disciples?

(The five stand together while the last two stanzas of song are sung.)

FAITH, AND WHAT IT DOES

(Heb. 11:1-10, 32-38)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

SETTING—A room arranged as a living-room in a home, or as a committee-room in a church.

CHARACTERS—Two young women and three young men, grouped comfortably and informally. It will add to the effectiveness of the discussion if characters are addressed by their real names, rather than the names used here. John, the leader, may sit beside a table, or may use his knee for a desk.

John—Well, folks, you know this committee is held responsible for a Christian Endeavor program next month, and it's time for us to get busy. [A little silence.] The topic is "Faith and What It Does."

Molly (smiling apologetically)—It seems to me people do a lot of talking on this subject of "Faith" without saying much. I guess I'm dense.

Jim (reaching over to pat her head)—Solid ivory!

Bill (who sits on the other side of Jim)—Pat my dome, too, Jim, for I don't get it either. (Jim pats him on the head.)

John—Well, here is a definition. [Pulls a Testament out of his pocket and opens to Heb. 11:1. Reads:] "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Gertrude—And further on it mentions Abraham's being called and his obeying by faith, not knowing whither he went.

Jim (tilting back his chair, speaks in a meditative mood)—In 1492—'90, perhaps—a man by the name of Christopher Columbus had a great idea. He had the gift of faith, and he could vision the unseen. I suppose we might say that Columbus entered into God's plan for the world and that he sailed in the faith that this plan would unfold itself.

Molly (to Jim)—Yes, and Columbus died without seeing the fulfillment of his great idea.

Jim—And so did Abraham. [Brings his chair to the floor with a bump, and reaches for John's Testament. Reads verse 13 his finger

following the lines:] “. . . these all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.” (Holds the position an instant for emphasis, then hands Testament back to John.)

Bill—The lack of fulfillment doesn’t mean that God is not to be trusted. It doesn’t take any great faith to believe in a promise that is being openly fulfilled. Faith goes further than that.

Molly—John, read that verse about Enoch.

John (reads verse 5)—“By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God.”

Molly—Enoch was *told* that he pleased God.

Jim—Uh-huh! And what did Enoch *do* when he was on earth?

Molly—He “walked with God.”

Jim (looking at the ceiling and speaking to no one in particular)—What does “walking with God” mean?

John—It means communing, having the same interests, sharing the same ideas.

Gertrude—And it means absolute trust.

Bill—I guess any one who “walked with God” according to that definition would know that “he pleased God.”

Molly—Yes, I think he would. Then it speaks of those who suffered cruel mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment—were stoned and slain with the sword. I suppose that means Stephen and those of the apostles who suffered martyrdom.

John—Yes, and perhaps it also means the Jews who suffered at the hands of the invading armies during Old Testament times.

Molly—Yes; but all that seems a long time ago.

Gertrude—Well, getting down to later times, there is Judson, who worked six years in Burmah before there was a single convert.

Jim—And Robert Morrison hammered years and years at the walls of China before the Christian was allowed to enter with his Bible.

Bill—And don’t forget Carey in India. He worked all day in an indigo factory to support his family, and way into the night to translate the Bible into Indian dialects.

John—What great things have grown from the faith of such leaders!

Molly—But I tell you all that happened a long time ago. We are living now. How does this faith affect us? How can I know that I am doing something because I have faith in God?

Jim—Molly, suppose you were a trained nurse and a terrible disease should break out in this town. What would you do?

Molly—I would help nurse the sick.

Jim—Wouldn't you be afraid of catching the disease?

Molly (smiling)—Probably. But I would go believing that I would be protected because I was needed.

Gertrude—Showing your faith by your works? (Molly nods thoughtfully.)

Molly—But we are talking about occupations that we commonly understand as missionary. How does such an every-day sort of work as school-teaching come in?

Bill—Or flying an airplane? Now we are getting down to facts.

John—Molly, suppose a boy in your schoolroom defies all the rules of his health chart. He is as careless about his lessons as he is about his teeth and finger-nails. And he teases and wriggles and makes a general nuisance of himself. Would you throw him out?

Molly (emphatically)—Certainly not. I would have enough faith in his possibilities to keep on working with him.

Jim—Confident of what you hope for and convinced of what you do not see? [Molly nods.] Molly, don't you think you walk with God when you work to lead that boy into God's ideals for him? (All are silent, looking at Jim thoughtfully.)

Bill—I reckon all honest occupations work out about the same way.

Molly (after a pause)—I'm wondering if God has much faith in us. [All look a bit startled.] Faith is based upon trustful confidence, don't you think? God has proven to man all through the ages that He is to be trusted, that His call may be obeyed in perfect faith. I'm just wondering if we have proved ourselves worthy of God's faith. (Nothing is said for a minute. Then:)

Bill (emphatically)—Let's have that program on "Faith and What It Does." And in the meantime let's do some thinking and praying about it. Let's all try to walk with God.

John (rising)—Shall we do that? (All nod.)

WHY AND HOW WIN OTHERS TO CHRIST

(Isa. 61: 1-3; Rev. 22: 17)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

CHARACTERS.

FIRST VOICE.

SECOND VOICE.

A YOUNG MAN.

A YOUNG WOMAN.

FOUR SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

THE QUESTIONER.

The young man and woman meet the Questioner upon the platform. They wear ordinary business costumes and may or may not wear hats.

The Soldiers of Christ are a part of the audience. Care should be taken that they are so located that their words may be distinctly understood.

The Questioner may be a man or a woman. If a man, he wears a long, draped costume completely covering him from throat to heels and pinned closely at the wrist. He is only a voice, a question. He may use a tall walking-staff. Comes upon the scene from a room or screen, left.

Audience Sings—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

(A pause after the hymn long enough for the quiet to become noticeable.)

THE CALL.

A Voice (from back of room, or a balcony)—"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness."

Second Voice—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

(Young Man and Young Woman come down a side aisle and up on the platform. They meet the Questioner.)

Young Man—Good morning, stranger.

Questioner—I do not know you. Who are you?

Young Man—We are soldiers of Jesus. Who are you?

Questioner—I am the Questioner walking to and fro upon the earth, speaking the doubts and disputes of men's souls.

Young Woman—Is there something we may do for you?

Questioner—Yes. You may tell me what *two* [with scorn] soldiers think they can do for a Master.

Young Woman—Ah! but we do not work alone. These also [indicating the whole audience] are soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Young Man—We are never alone. Wherever we walk, there we find more of the army of our Lord.

Questioner—And what, I ask you to tell me, is the end purposed by all these soldiers you boast?

Both—To spread the message of Jehovah.

Young Woman—“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Young Man—“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.”

Both—This army works to make Christians of all men.

Questioner—All well enough to talk about, but soldiers do more than talk. What are your orders?

First Soldier (rises and speaks from the audience)—Our orders are to go into all the world and preach the gospel, to heal the broken-hearted, to tell prisoners they are free, to comfort those who mourn. In carrying out these orders we seek to minister to man's material, intellectual and religious progress. We strive to impart a sense of dignity and worth of life that only the teachings and spirit of Christ can give.

Questioner (to those on the platform)—Yesterday I passed by a house where ignorance and poverty crushed to earth its dwellers. Every string on the harp of life was broken. Not even hope remained. What will your great army do for that house?

Second Soldier (from audience)—Ways and means for this family to shake off its burden of poverty will be found. The small children will be cared for in day schools and homes, while good jobs will be found for the older members. Or, if need be, these children will be cared for entirely in homes provided by groups of Christian men and women—State homes for dependents, church homes for orphans, institutional homes for the underprivileged. An effort will be made by

Christian men and women to bring this household under Christian influence and to give each member a chance to develop a self-respecting, self-sustaining life of his own.

Questioner (to the Soldier)—What is your order for such work?

Second Soldier—Christ's command, "Love one another."

Questioner (to those on platform)—And lately I have seen people obsessed with a craving for excitement and vicious pleasures. Others fired with aspiration for wealth. Still others seeking knowledge without regard to the rights of man or beast. What say you to this?

Third Soldier (from the audience)—When health and wealth and knowledge can be brought into an understanding of their opportunity for service to the world, the conditions you relate will change themselves. But only a meeting and fellowship with Christ and His teachings can bring this about.

Questioner—What is your order for such an undertaking?

Third Soldier—Christ's command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

Questioner (turning again to those on platform)—This morning, at break of dawn, a man's life was demanded of him in forfeit for another life he had maliciously taken. His last breath was a curse. Have you aught to say of this?

Fourth Soldier (from the audience)—"No man can serve two masters. . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Sin in individual hearts has always produced the blackest of thoughts and deeds. The remedy is a changed heart.

Questioner—And what part does the soldier have in this?

Fourth Soldier—The soldier works that the things of God may be made plain to the individual. The truth, the way and the life root in the individual heart, and, if nurtured, grow to a great harvest.

Questioner—What is your order for this work?

Fourth Soldier—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

(The Questioner stands quietly, looking at the last speaker, thinking.)

Young Man—Have you yet more questions to ask of this army of people who are working to win the souls of boys and girls, men and women, to the cause of Christ?

Questioner (shakes his head; walks slowly on his way across the platform, but stops at the side; he turns his body only slightly, not looking at any one in particular, but including the ones on platform

and the army out in front)—But, as the days and years come, there will be more questions, there will be more doubts and more disputes.

Young Woman—And the answers will be found in the word of God.
(She holds a Bible.)

Young Man—And in the hearts of men.

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

“Throw out the life-line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody’s brother! oh, who, then, will dare
To throw out the life-line his peril to share?”

CHORUS.

“Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!
Some one is drifting away;
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!
Some one is sinking to-day!

“Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong,
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day—
And out with the lifeboat! away, then, away!

“Soon will the season of rescue be o’er,
Soon will they drift to eternity’s shore.
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the life-line and save them to-day.”

PETER, A GREAT EVANGELIST

(Matt. 4: 18-20; 16: 16)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

CHARACTERS.

A GIRL.
TOM.

BETTY JANE.
DAN.

RUTH.
BOB.

SETTING—A living-room. A table or desk at one side. An arm-chair with unlighted lamp beside it and a magazine basket or arm-table handy. Other furniture desired may be added. The girl sits at the desk, studying and writing. The only light in the room is from the lamp on her desk. When the characters come in they stand outside the glow from the lamp, but not in darkness. They speak her thoughts.

Girl (leaning back in attitude of helplessness and exasperation)—What *am* I to do? Here I am with this Christian Endeavor lesson on my hands. "Peter, a Great Evangelist." What can I say to that bunch of young people about such a man as Peter? Peter was great, but—he was so different from us. [She sits, thinking.] Now, there is Tom. What do you suppose Peter could possibly mean to such a harum-scarum fellow as Tom?

Tom (enters; she does not see him; he speaks her thoughts)—You think Peter does not mean anything to me? You are wrong. Every one calls me a harum-scarum. I had heard it over and over until I had begun to think there was no good in me, that I was a rash, hair-brained ne'er-do-well, and that there was no use trying to be anything worth while. Then Peter came to help me. Have you read carefully the biography of Peter? He blundered sometimes, but he was always whole-hearted. That helped me. He had much to learn, but he was willing to be taught. That helped me. And with all his faults he became a favorite with the Lord. [A slight pause.] Peter has become very real to me—very much alive. He has shown me that I can live above little, freak characteristics and turn my thoughts over to the Lord's care. That is what I am trying to do. (He leaves.)

Girl (meditating)—I never thought of it before, but Tom is impetuous, just like Peter was, and he is also honest and sincere and frank, like Peter. But Betty Jane, who always thinks of others before herself, what lesson could she learn from Peter, I wonder.

Betty Jane (enters)—Do you remember that my pet expression used to be, "Wait a minute"? One day something that I wanted very much did not wait, and I was left crying and feeling very much mistreated. Mother suggested that I read the whole story of Peter. Do you know what I learned? Just this: Peter went "straightway" when he was called, even though it meant laying down something he was deeply interested in. And I found out something else—he did it without having been promised some treasure in payment. And, having answered immediately, Peter learned in the long months he was with Jesus just what things are the real rewards, and how to judge rewards. I am trying to go to the same school and learn the same lessons Peter learned. (She leaves.)

Girl—And there is Dan, big and happy, and deep in that work with his boy bunch. I wonder if Dan ever thinks anything about Peter.

Dan (enters)—Oh, yes, I think about him. And I have learned one great truth from Peter that I am trying to put into practice. It is that I must confess Christ openly. The kingdom of heaven grows by one follower telling another person about Christ. Peter confessed Christ in a bold way, and Jesus used him for a big purpose. If I would be of use to Jesus in the building of His kingdom, I must be bold like Peter, and not afraid in my workaday life to bear witness that Jesus is the Son of the living God. (He leaves.)

Girl—Tom and Dan and Betty Jane all are finding particular lessons for themselves in Peter's life. There's Ruth, studying to be a missionary. I wonder if she ever learned anything from Peter?

Ruth (enters)—It was Peter who helped me to decide to be a missionary. You remember it took a vision from heaven to convince Peter that all peoples are alike in God's sight. I read and prayed about this very thing, and finally I knew that God had created all men with ability to be brothers. I want to help bring about a real kinship among peoples by teaching the truth of God to those who do not know. I do not know just where I will go or what the future holds, but with Peter I say, "What am I, that I should withstand God?" (Leaves.)

Girl (sits musing, finally)—Who am I, that I can withstand God?

Bob (her brother, enters)—Hello, sis. Hard at it?

Girl—Bob, what lesson have you ever learned from the apostle Peter?

Bob (turning on the lamplight and settling in the big chair with a book)—What's the big idea?

Girl—No big idea. I have the Endeavor lesson to-morrow night and it is about Peter as an evangelist. Have you ever learned anything from Peter?

Bob—Yes, sis, but you would think it silly and not worth using.

Girl—No, I won't, Bob; what is it?

Bob—Well, I learned that one can't always live on the mountain-top. It's great to go up there. There are light and inspiration and beauty there. Life is transfigured into glowing ideals, and one longs to stay forever with such feelings. But he can't! He has to come down and go to work. The inspiration and beauty and ideals have to be put into every-day living. Peter had the privilege of being there, but he had to come down and put his experience to work. And I suppose, sis, that is the reason why Peter always sort of stands around to console me when I have to come down. (He buries himself in his reading.)

Girl (settles down to her study; once she raises her head, chin on palm, elbow on table, and muses)—“Thou art Peter, and upon this rock—” (Goes back to her study.)

(Outside is heard a passing group singing:)

“I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.”

(The Girl and Bob have listened to the song, and, as the singers pass out of hearing, the girl closes her books and sings the last verse as she works. Bob joins with her and they go out on the last line.)

“I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh and love and lift,
I would look up and laugh and love and lift.”

(Hymnal American Youth.)

WHAT BARRIERS KEEP PEOPLE AWAY FROM CHRIST?

(Mark 10: 17-22; Luke 14: 16-20)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

SETTING.

A door opening to a room off platform. From this room comes the sound of lovely music. Beside the door stands a woman, the Church, gowned in long, flowing, white robes. Otherwise the platform is unoccupied. Should such a room not be available, screens or curtains will answer. The chorus may even be outside a window. An anthem or other beautiful music should be used.

CHARACTERS.

CHURCH.

A MAN.

A WOMAN AND CHILD.

FOUR YOUNG PEOPLE { Two girls.
Two boys.

A PRETENDER.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A YOUNG WOMAN (musician).

A FAMILY (husband, wife and son).

(A Man enters. He hears the singing and stops to listen. He seems interested.)

The Church—Welcome, my friend. Will you not join with those who sing?

Man—Who are they that sing?

The Church—They are the people who know Christ and have taken the name that is above every name.

Man—Who are you?

The Church (clearly)—I am the Church, the handmaiden of the Lord. I will show you the way if you would go with them.

Man (pauses an instant as though considering; shakes his head)—No, I know some of them. I am as good as they are. There are too

many hypocrites in there to suit me. When they get out, I'll think about it. (He passes on.)

Woman (enters, leading a small child; she hears the music and stops to listen; the child, too, is interested)—Pretty music, isn't it?

The Church—My friend, will you not join those who sing?

Woman (hesitating, then shaking her head)—Christians? No. I would like to be a follower of Christ, but my husband won't go with me, and I will not go without him. Anyway, I have enough to do at home. But I'd like to have you take my child. Will you look after him?

The Church—Gladly. [She holds out hand to the child.] Christ loved the children and they loved Him. Every child should grow up like Him. (The child joins her and passes into the room. Child's mother leaves.)

(Four young people enter. They are happy young folk, with banjos, mandolins, tennis rackets and other articles of sport. They are not caricatures or "toughs." Upon hearing music they pause.)

First Boy—*Real* music! I wonder what it is.

Second Boy (to Church)—Who are the people singing?

The Church—Have you grown up in a Christian community without knowing the great Christian hymns?

First Girl—Christians? I've always heard how solemn they are. No fun at all.

Second Girl—That music is lovely. And I have been in churches, but—I don't know what they are singing now.

Second Boy—Come on. Let's go. (They go on.)

Pretender (enters, dressed in ordinary business suit; he stands listening)—Beautiful!

The Church—Will you not enter and sing with them?

Pretender—No, I guess not.

The Church—Who are you?

Pretender—Who am I? [Slowly, as though talking to himself:] I am a sham, a pretender. Hypocrites are not all in the church. I am one who is not. The world calls me a good citizen. I keep within the law, but I take what rightfully belongs to widows and orphans. I sell shoddy materials and charge the prices of the best. I rob—and I bear false witness. I should not tell—but that music—that music gets me. [Suddenly he turns to her.] What must a man do to join that singing band of Christians?

The Church—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Pretender (shaking his head)—Too much! Too much!

The Church—"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Pretender—Too much! Too high a price! [Starts slowly on.] My friends would laugh at me. (He leaves.)

(Mother and Daughter enter. They listen, then talk together without noticing the Church.)

Mother—I suppose we should join that group.

Daughter—Are they society people?

Mother—Not all of them. They are followers of Christ, and there are all kinds of people among them. [Thoughtfully:] No, there would be no social advantages to be gained by going in there.

Daughter—Then, why waste the time?

Mother—Yes, we have plenty to do without wasting effort where it will not gain us social prestige. (They go on.)

A Young Woman (she carries a music-roll. Listens to the singing, then sings with them a strain of the music. It is effective if she has a violin and plays a bit of the music. She seems drawn to the door. Finally she turns definitely away.)—No. Fame does not lie that way. When I have gained fame and the applause of the world, then I will go that way. (She leaves.)

(A family enters, a Husband, Wife and Boy.)

Boy (to Father and Mother)—Music! What song is it they sing?

The Church—They are followers of Christ and that is a Christian hymn. Will you not come and be one of them? (Boy looks at parents, and parents look at each other.)

Father—No. Sunday is my morning for golf.

Mother—And Sunday is the only morning I can sleep late. It makes too much of a rush to get myself and Junior ready.

Father—We might go at night—

Boy—But you know we always go to a show at night

Father—So we do.

Mother (glancing at watch)—We will be late in meeting our engagement unless we hurry. [To Church:] Thank you. Another time we will consider it.

Boy (as they start on)—They sound like such happy people, don't they?

The Church (bows her head as though lost in thought; then she raises her head in supplication and prayer)—Heavenly Father, they come, they go, unheeding Thy call, indifferent to Thy goodness, selfishly accepting Thy great blessings. Thou hast set Thy church to be a servant pointing the way to Thee, like a shepherd guarding the fold. We pray that Thou wilt supplement our feeble efforts with Thy divine power and fill the world with a consuming desire to know Thy will. Amen.

SUCCESSFUL EVANGELISM IN MISSION FIELDS

(Acts 16: 13-15, 25-33)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

SETTING.

If possible, a camp-fire lighting up the darkness. Where electric-lights are available, a make-believe fire can be arranged. A tent, left. Or a dark screen may serve as a tent.

CHARACTERS.

FATHER.

SON (young man).

| | | |
|----------------------------------|---|------------|
| FOREIGNERS (both men and women)— | { | PHœNICIAN. |
| | | EGYPTIAN. |
| | | CHINESE. |
| | | GREEK. |
| | | ROMAN. |
| | | JEW. |

CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE (a young woman).

COSTUMES.

Father and Son wear hunting-clothes. Other characters may be costumed in the native dress of their countries, or may wear some item of it that is representative. They come only within the range of light enough to be visible to the audience. Christian Conscience should wear a long, draped, white robe.

SCENE—Father and Son are sitting within the firelight.

Son—Dad, have you thought any more about letting me go to one of your foreign stations?

Father—Ye-es, I've thought about it. [After a slight pause:] The last time we talked about it you said you would begin making preparation. What have you done?

Son—I've studied oil from A to Z, morning, noon and night. And I have been particularly studying gasoline as affected by climate.

Father—What country do you want to go to?

Son—I supposed you would send me wherever there was an opening. Our company does better business in some countries than in others. Naturally I would like to go to a good station. But I am not urging that.

Father (after another pause, during which the Son pokes at the fire and the Father gazes into it)—Son, you are not ready yet to go to a foreign country as a representative of an American oil company. [Pause.] Or any other kind of a company. [Another pause.] You are not missionary-minded yet.

Son—But, father, I'm not asking to go as a missionary! I want to sell oil to the natives. I don't care about their religion.

Father—I'll not let any man go to any foreign country to sell my oil who does not care about the religion of the natives.

Son—But, dad, suppose I'd go to Egypt or to China. They would have their religion—such as it is—and I'd have mine. But that has nothing to do with selling a native gasoline to run his flivver. I didn't know you expected your salesmen to be missionaries.

Father—I said "missionary-minded." There are more missionaries, son, than those who live and preach in mission compounds. You would be a missionary whether you wanted to be one or not. But you would have the choice as to the kind of a one you would be.

Son—I don't understand what you are driving at.

Father—You believe in the God of the Bible, don't you?

Son—Yes.

Father—And the brotherhood of all men, regardless of where they live?

Son—I suppose so.

Father—If you believe that, it becomes your work, at home and particularly in a foreign country, to inculcate the principles of Christianity. You do this by your personal behavior, by your business contacts and by your social life among the people. This is part of selling gasoline to your brother in a foreign land to run his flivver.

Son—But, dad, I don't quite understand.

Father (getting up and brushing dirt from his clothes)—Think it over, son. I'm going to roll in. Good night.

Son—Good night, father. (Father goes off, left. Son sits looking into fire.)

Ancient Phœnician (coming from right, within range of the fire-light)—Young American, perhaps you are underestimating this for-

eigner. I am a native of ancient Phœnicia. It was the civilization of my country that originated the alphabet, and it was our galleys that carried this alphabet to other countries. These countries improved upon it during the centuries and gave it to you ready made. (Steps back into the dark, but does not leave the platform.)

Egyptian—Have you thought, young American, of my contribution to your boasted civilization?

Son—Who are you?

Egyptian—I am an Egyptian. From our study of the heavenly bodies in the cloudless and brilliant skies of Egypt came the beginnings of all your astronomy. It was my people who gave to you your calendar. And if you care not about that, your numerical system came also from my people. Culture and learning have been the delight of Egypt for centuries. (Steps back beside the Phœnician.)

Chinese—I am a Chinese, very proud to be known as a native of one of the oldest civilizations of culture known to the world. You must have heard that the art of printing from movable type was first invented and used in my country. The Chinese have contributed much to your happiness. (Steps back.)

Greek—I am a Greek.

Son—Oh, yes; I know about you. You are going to tell me that sculpture and architecture were your gifts to me.

Greek—These would be only stone and wood without my great gift.

Son—Your great gift?

Greek—My great gift was an appreciation of beauty. We only sought an expression of beauty through our sculpture and architecture. And our literature, drama and oratory, that you call classic, were only an outburst of exultation from the depths of our national life. The world has been better because of my people. (Steps back beside the others.)

Roman—I am a Roman.

Son—Oh, yes; you are going to say that we got our legal system from you.

Roman—So you did. And that is not all. Besides teaching you lessons in government, administration and law, my country has contributed to your libraries vast stores of literature, to your building trades great architecture, to your museums and galleries classics in art. And, more than that, centuries before your country was founded my people of the Roman Empire were practicing and teaching the principles of Christianity. (Steps back out of the light.)

Jew—I am a Jew. My people gave you the religion of Jehovah. We suffered slavery and lived in captivity. We were scattered to the four corners of the earth. It seemed unfair at the time, but now we see that we were bondsmen for God. Our prophets and our scribes spoke and wrote the truth of Jehovah, and the Dispersion scattered that truth to all men. (Exit.)

Christian Conscience (stands before him)—This procession could go on and on, but there is no need. One question I would ask of you: Could you tell to each one of these natives of foreign countries of gifts you have made to *them*? Some of these peoples knew God. Some did not. But, whatever fragments of truth there were scattered about in their non-Christian religions, these have lived on through all the changing years to give satisfaction to the worshipers. Your great opportunity in life is to interpret God and His great life-giving principles to every man you meet, whether he be a brother American or a dark-skinned Arab exchanging his howdah for an automobile; whether you be preaching in a carved pulpit or selling gasoline on the sandy desert. [Before leaving the firelight, Christian Conscience speaks or sings the following words:]

IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST.

(John Oxenham, in "Hymnal for American Youth.")

1. In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.
2. In Him true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.
3. Join hands, then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be;
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.
4. In Christ now meet both East and West,
In Him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

Son (jumping up quickly)—That's what dad meant! Solid ivory! [Thumping his head with his knuckles.] Every native of every country is a human being and he ought to know God. If I go to live among them, I should preach to them the things of God by my dealings with them! "Missionary-minded." [Calls:] Dad!

Father (sleepily from the tent)—Yes?

Son (going over to the tent; their conversation is in the darkness and should be clearly spoken)—I think I understand now, dad, what you meant. You thought I was showing a lack of toleration for people of other nations.

Father—Yes, but you are not alone in that feeling. Christians must all learn an appreciation of other peoples before our mission service will really be a service.

Son—"In him was life; and the life was the light of men."

Father—And the light was for all mankind, not just a few. *And every man must carry the torch with him wherever he goes.* When you go to that foreign station next fall you will carry the torch. It will be for you to decide whether your business and your social and your Christian life prove you a missionary for Christ or against Christ. Going to turn in?

Son—Yes. Good night, father.

Father—Good night, son.

Son (comes again within the firelight; stands looking down at it, then tips his head back, looking to the skies)—"If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord," then let me go among them and abide there, a living evangel for Thee. (He puts out the light and goes to the tent.)

WHAT IS INVOLVED IN DECIDING FOR CHRIST?

(Rom. 10: 8-15)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS—Young Man, College Boy.

PLACE—On a bench in a public park.

Young Man (entering)—It is nice and quiet in this park. I will sit here and rest awhile and look over my Endeavor lesson. (Seats himself. Takes out a New Testament from his pocket and reads.)

(Enter College Boy with large book under his arm. Seats himself on the other end of the bench. Opens his book to read. Young Man, looking up, glances at the book the College Boy is reading.)

Young Man—Do you find the study of philosophy interesting, my friend?

College Boy—It is very interesting to a fellow who wants to know truth.

Young Man—So you are a seeker of truth! I think if you would know the highest truth, you will find it in the service of the One I honor as Master.

College Boy—Who is your Master?

Young Man—Jesus the Christ, the Son of God. (Reads John 18: 37; 8: 31, 32.)

College Boy—Well! well! I have read about Him, but have never gone very far into the study of His life. He was a great teacher in His day, but, then, so were Buddha, Mohammed and others. Do you not think these other great teachers were quite as wise as Jesus Christ?

Young Man (reads Col. 2: 8)—I have been a student and follower of Christ for several years. I know Him to be true. You say other teachers are just as wise as Jesus the Christ; will you tell me one other teacher or leader who rose from the dead, giving the hope of eternal life?

College Boy—So far in my study I have not found such a one. My education is limited. I will look into the matter.

Young Man—Why not look into it now? Let me read from the inspired Word. (Reads Acts 4: 12.)

College Boy—Saved! I have never thought of that. What are the requirements for service such as you would have me enter? I am young, with my life before me. I am interested in One who gives eternal salvation from sin. No! these other teachers do not offer such salvation. I would have you tell me more. [Closes his book.] How can one become a follower of the Christ?

Young Man—The requirements are very simple. First, you are asked to believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.

College Boy—I have friends in whom I have confidence who do believe in Him. I think I can say that I, too, believe.

Young Man—Repentance is the next step you are asked to take. The times of ignorance God overlooked, "but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent."

College Boy (aside)—Repent! Repent! That means giving up my old, careless, reckless life! [To *Young Man*:] What will I gain if I do all you ask?

Young Man—Eternal life.

College Boy—The pleasures of life, sometimes called dissipations, tempt me. But eternal life! I would have that. It would be dreadful to be lost.

Young Man—Yes, the Master has said: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

College Boy—I will repent. I will give up whatever is against God and against my best self, and do as He requires. What else must I do?

Young Man—You must confess Him before men. (Reads Rom. 10: 8, 10.)

College Boy (aside)—Can I do this in the presence of my old associates and friends?

Young Man—(Reads Luke 9: 26.)

College Boy—All right, I will confess Him before the world. I shall be proud to acknowledge Him and work for Him.

Young Man—Would that all men would accept Him in that spirit. And now you are commanded to be baptized in His name. (Reads John 3: 5; Acts 2: 38, 39.)

College Boy—I will gladly do all He asks. I understand how fully one must obey Him to be His disciple and become like Him. Are these all the requirements?

Young Man—There is one other. The world of sin offers a more alluring way, but Christ's way is the way of heroism and sometimes

sacrifice. You are to take up the cross and follow Him. You are to grow in His grace and knowledge and contend for the faith always. There is joy in service, not as the world gives, but a deeper joy, which comes from knowing you have done your best to make the world better. It brings eternal happiness.

College Boy—The cross! What does it mean to bear the cross?

Young Man—It means the repudiation of self and the acknowledging of Christ as your Guide at all times and all places.

College Boy—And it will bring eternal happiness if I carry on.
[Sings in closing:]

“I must needs go home by the way of the cross;
There’s no other way but this;
I shall ne’er get sight of the gates of light,
If the way of the cross I miss.”

Young Man and College Boy (duet)—

“The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home;
It is sweet to know,
As I onward go,
The way of the cross leads home.”

(Entire song may be sung by audience.)

WHY EVERYBODY NEEDS CHRIST

(John 14: 1-11)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS.

LIFE, in bright garment.

DEATH, in black garment.

CHRISTIANITY, in white robe and carrying Bible.

SIN, in red robe.

YOUNG BOY AND GIRL, in usual dress.

SCENE—On the highway of life.

(An archway or gate should be erected at either side of the platform. At one side Life stands; at the other side, Death. Christianity and Sin stand near Life, as though waiting. The Boy and Girl enter the gateway of Life.)

Life—My children, you now have entered my gateway and I have many things to offer you. Those who enter my door have much demanded of them. The world is before you. Everything depends upon the choices you make as you go along the way.

Girl (to Boy)—Life seems like a stern master. Do you think we will be happy?

Christianity—You will find happiness now and evermore if you will let me guide you.

Sin—Do not listen to her. I am the one to follow. I will lead you where excitement and gaiety are. Christianity will lead you through many rough places filled with dullness and care.

Boy—Who are you?

Sin—I am Sin. I deal in the dissipative pleasures and carefree indulgences of the world.

Girl (to Christianity)—And who are you?

Christianity—I am Christianity, the light and hope of the world.

Girl—Where will you lead me if I follow you?

Christianity—To life everlasting. With eternal life and happiness God rewards those who diligently seek Him.

Boy (to *Sin*)—Where would you lead me? Would you, too, lead on to life everlasting?

Sin—You are too young to think of such serious stuff. Live and enjoy life is my motto.

Death—But what about me? Where do I come in on this program? (*Sin* puts up both hands and slinks away in the background.)

Girl (frightened)—Who are you?

Death—I am Death. All who enter the gateway of Life must also, sooner or later, pass through my door.

Boy—Where will you lead us?

Death—That depends upon the things you choose in life.

Girl (to *Christianity*)—Did you notice that *Sin* was afraid of Death? Why are you not afraid?

Christianity—Because the One I serve has conquered Death. For those who accept Jesus Christ as Saviour, Death has no sting. They pass from death unto life everlasting. If you will go with me, you need never fear Death. The Master said: "I am the way, the truth and the life."

Boy and Girl—Then we certainly need Him. We will go with you.

(*Christianity* takes each by the hand and leads them through the gateway of Death. Hidden singers sing verses 1, 3 and 4 of "Sun of My Soul.")

WHY WE BELIEVE WE LIVE FOREVER

(John 11:23-26; Mark 12:26, 27)

By J. H. SHONKWILER

SCENE—A summer evening. Tom is discovered sitting in a hammock while talking to his friend Charles, who has called to take him to Christian Endeavor.

Tom—No use talking, old chap; I'm not going. Come to think of it, I suppose I'm through with that sort of thing.

Charles—Through with Christian Endeavor? Surely, Tom, you do not mean that.

Tom—Yes, I mean just that. This religious stuff hasn't meant much to me since I became acquainted with Professor Thinn in high school, and from now on it will mean even less. I'm sick of all the talk about salvation, redemption, and the like. Professor Thinn says it's all bosh, and I agree with him. You see, I am coming to have a mind of my own, Charles. If you had talked with Professor Thinn as I have, Charles, you'd understand better why I think as I do.

Charles—Oh, I understand you all right, Tom—better, perhaps, than you think. But I'll not argue the matter with you now, although I am sorry that you feel as you do. So long. See you later. (Goes out.)

Tom—Old, old stuff, yet he believes it like a child. Professor Thinn is right, I guess. They believe it because for ages they have been taught to believe it. Old Father Time is responsible for it all, the professor says, and I agree with him. Lucky for me dad does not go to church and has the professor over to the house so often, or I might be as credulous as Charles, poor fellow! Oh, well, if he wants to soothe his conscience with that sort of thing, it's his business; me for the realities of life.

(Settles himself in the hammock and starts to read. After a time he looks up boredly, moves uneasily and tries again. Takes a drink of lemonade from a glass on the table near at hand and tries once more to read. After several repeated attempts he throws the book away and settles down to sleep. Interval of a minute or so.)

(Rap, rap, rap, a peculiar knocking is heard. Tom half rises to see a decrepit old man before him. The old man has a gaunt face, long, white beard and carries a scroll and a sickle.)

Tom (in a hollow, frightened voice)—Who—w—who—a-re—you?

Old Man (slowly)—I heard you speak my name just now and I came. I am Father Time.

Tom—Y-y-you—

Time—The same. I am old as the centuries. I have heard all and seen all that has been said and done from the beginning. The voice of the first man created fell upon my ears even as your voice came to me just now. I could teach men many things, but they learn, oh, so slowly.

Tom—W-w-why h-have you come t-to me?

Time—I come to all men in all seasons, though to few 'tis given to see and speak to me as 'tis given to you. I see, I watch, men's every act, hear their every word, understand their every thought. You, young man, have many friends. They admire you, respect your scholarship, enjoy your companionship—but, oh, young man, watch where you lead those who follow you. I heard you say a few moments ago that Father Time is the teacher of the moral creeds of men. In a sense, this is true. That you may know how true it is, I have come to you. Fear not. Rise and stand aside with me while I call forth voices from the past.

(They stand aside at the left of the platform and watch the characters as they appear at the call of Time. The effect of this scene will be greatly enhanced if the lights are lowered or if the platform be lighted only by the glow of a single dim light such as a candle.)

Time—Cain! Cain!! come forth and speak.

(Cain appears from behind a curtain or from the darkness at the side of the platform. He speaks hurriedly, as if in confession.)

Cain—In anger I slew my brother. But no sooner had I committed the foul deed than my heart grew heavy and I knew that I had sinned against God. I knew not why, but, go where I would, the pain in my heart was with me. Over and over it said to me: "You are cursed from the earth that swallowed thy brother's blood." When my punishment became greater than I could bear, God forgave me my crime, but set a mark upon me which I must wear forever—and ever—and ever— (Goes out, still repeating "Forever and ever.")

Time—Jacob! Jacob!! come forth and testify.

(Jacob appears, limping.)

Jacob—I cheated my brother. I cheated my father. I cheated my father-in-law. I cheated God. But with all my earthly gains my heart was sore. No matter where I went, my heart said to me: "You have sinned; you have sinned." When my heart grew so heavy that I could bear its sin no longer, God eased its pain, but set His mark upon me, which, like Cain, I must bear forever and ever and ever—(Goes out repeating, "Forever and ever.")

Time—Thus you see, young man, from the earliest days man had a conscience that weighed heavily upon his heart whenever he had done wrong. We can only explain man's conscience by saying that it came from God. The Bible tells us that God created man in His own image, and breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul. If God lives, then must the soul of man also live throughout all eternity. I could show you more—oh, much more—but my time is short. But know you that all the great and wise whose names have been written upon my scroll have believed in God and eternal life. Remember this, young man. Remember— (A loud knocking at the door. Time slowly leans backward, with hand outstretched and saying, "Remember, remember, remember.")

Tom (waking and jumping up in great excitement)—Ah! it's me; I'm here. I thought I was dead. I'm not dead. Oh, what a dream! Who's that knocking at the door? Oh, it's you, Charles. Come in! Come in!

Charles (comes in)—Why, what's the matter, Tom?

Tom—Oh, I can't tell you, Charles. But, my! I'm glad to see you. Forget what I said, Charles, and I'll never talk that way again.

Charles—Why, Tom, what has happened?

Tom (calming down)—Don't ask me, old chap. I can't tell you about it now. Some time I may, but just now be content with my promise that never again will I say things about religion or speak slightly of Christian Endeavor. I've had my lesson, Charles.

Charles—Well, God bless you, Tom. Whatever it may have been that brought you to see the light, I'm glad for your sake. Put 'er there. (They shake hands as the curtain drops.)

WHAT IS A USEFUL LIFE?

(2 Tim. 2: 3-15, 21, 22)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVINGER

CHARACTERS.

BIBLE CHARACTERS.

READER.

HIDDEN SINGERS.

Costumes may be copied from Bible pictures.

The reader stands at one side. She reads all the Scripture connected with the scenes, and the characters act their part in pantomime.

Change the scenes as quickly as possible. The reader announces each scene.

SCENE I.

Reader—An incident in the life of Joseph and his brothers. [Use as many as convenient.] Gen. 45: 4, 5, 8, 9, 11: “Come near to me, I pray you. [His brothers move nearer.] I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life. . . . So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: . . . and there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.”

SCENE II.

Reader—David urges King Saul to let him deliver Israel (1 Sam. 17: 32-37): “And David said unto Saul, Let no man’s heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his

father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee."

SCENE III.

Reader—Queen Esther was willing to sacrifice her life in the service of her people (Esth. 4:13-16): "Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this? Then Esther bade them return Mordecai this answer, Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

SCENE IV.

Reader—Many humble lives are the most useful. Dorcas served with her needle (Acts 9:36-39): "Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them."

SCENE V.

Reader—Paul's life was useful as a leader; Lydia's as a follower (Acts 16:13, 14).

(Three women kneel in prayer. Paul and Luke enter.)

Reader—“And on the sabbath day we went forth without the gate by a riverside, where we supposed there was a place of prayer; and we sat down, and spake unto the women that were come together. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, one that worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened to give heed unto the things which were spoken by Paul.”

SCENE VI.

Reader—Paul told Timothy how to live usefully. He said (2 Tim. 2:3, 8, 9, 22): “Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel: wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil-doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.”

HOW MAY WE FIND OUR LIFE-WORK?

(Ps. 119:105; Jas. 1:5-7)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

CHARACTERS—Alice, Grace, Ted and Jim, four well-dressed young people, gathered in the living-room of Alice's home. If possible, have soprano, alto, tenor and bass. Curtain rises, disclosing Alice and Grace busily engaged in tidying up the room.

Alice (looking at wrist-watch)—It's nearly eight o'clock—they said they would be here at eight. [Doorbell rings.] There they are now.

(Enter Ted and Jim. Greetings are exchanged and all are seated.)

Ted—Well, what's on for to-night?

Jim—Yes, what do you know?

Grace—In answer to the first question, we are going to stay right here, and, in answer to the second question—

Alice—It's what we *don't* know that's bothering us, and we thought you could help.

Ted—Sure, we can tell you anything you don't know.

Jim—You came to the right place for information, all right.

Grace (laughing at first, then serious)—Yes, I know you are both terribly wise and all that—but—we're not fooling.

Alice—Yes, we're really serious, so please don't joke about it.

Ted (seriously)—Why, certainly, girls; we will be sensible, now that we know you are in earnest.

Jim—I confess I am very curious.

Grace—Well, it's just this. This evening, at the dinner-table, we were talking first about what was on the radio for to-night—one of the programs being a talk on the Christian Endeavor lesson, which is, "How May We Find Our Life-work?" and—

Alice—That led us to talking about our *own* life-work—what are we going to do with our lives?

Jim—I can't see anything so serious and puzzling about that. Aren't you both going to college? And then—

Ted—Well, so are we, and yet I have thought a great deal over my future work.

Grace—You are studying medicine, Ted; so your profession is fairly well chosen. But is one's profession always one's life-work? I'm going to try and be an artist, yet just painting pictures doesn't seem enough for a life-work!

Alice—Mother suggested that we discuss to-night just what really is a life-work, and she said we may get some light on the subject of how to find it.

Jim—I always thought that whatever trade or profession one follows is his life-work.

Ted—Yes, it is generally spoken of as such, and yet that is really too dignified a term to call some occupations.

Alice—Wasn't it William E. Carey who said it was his business to save souls, but he mended shoes to pay expenses?

Ted—Yes, I have heard that, and it expresses my meaning exactly. If our life-work isn't something bigger than the mere struggle to pay expenses, it isn't worth living.

Grace—Yes, you are right, Jim; it seems to me that our life-work should be to try and live such lives of usefulness that the world is better for our having lived. We can do this no matter what profession we follow.

Jim—I agree with you, and yet in some callings it is a lot easier—more opportunities, you know—say a preacher; that is both his profession and life-work. How is a fellow to know what profession to choose in order to comply with his idea of the right kind of life-work, Grace?

Grace—Well, common sense, his own natural liking for any certain kind of work, and his ability in that line, should be determining factors in choosing a profession.

Alice—Yes, and yet that isn't always enough to decide us. Very often professions are merely *followed*—inherited—by persons with no inclination or natural ability for that particular calling. That person is wasting his opportunities.

Jim—That must mean *me*. Dad is a lawyer, also grandfather, and I'm studying it, and I hate the stuff. Of course it is an honorable profession, but I should rather be a preacher—and I believe I could make a good one!

Ted (putting arm on Jim's shoulders)—I never knew you felt that way, old man; you seldom are serious enough to be a preacher, but I do believe you have it in you! Why not?

Grace—Oh, it's so hard to see just what to do; we need help to see our way.

(A radio is in back center of platform—some one with a megaphone concealed behind the radio. As Grace says the last lines, she walks over to the radio and turns it on. Voice in megaphone reads Ps. 119:105, after which lights go out *at once*, enabling some one to place a music-stand in center of platform, containing an open Bible, and holding a powerful flashlight just above the Bible. A spotlight can be used effectively. There is a short pause, then the voice on the megaphone reads Jas. 1:5-7, after which the Bible is removed, lights are turned on, and Grace turns off the radio.)

Grace—Your mother was right, Alice; we have received some light on the subject.

Alice—She arranged that radio program and told us just when to tune in.

Ted—That Scripture lesson was all we need. I, for one, am going to follow its advice.

Jim—And I have found my life-work.

Alice—I'm going to read my Bible and do more praying from now on.

Grace—Let's all do that, so that *our* life-work may be worthy of us, no matter what our profession.

(They gather around the piano and sing, "Blessed Bible, How I Love it," by Mrs. Palmer. Tune, "In the Gloaming.")

Blessed Bible, how I love it,
How it doth my spirit cheer!
What on earth like this to covet,
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow;
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

DEVELOPING GOOD WILL THROUGH THE HOME

(Ruth 1: 6-10, 15-17)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

CHARACTERS.

RUTH AND NAOMI, in Bible costume (soprano and alto).

READER, who is concealed behind curtain.

(Reader reads Ruth 1: 6-10, 15-17, after which curtain rises, disclosing Ruth and Naomi. Pianist plays softly the prelude to the duet, which is to the tune of "How Can I Leave Thee?" They sing the duet, Ruth soprano, Naomi alto, except where she sings the lines alone, when of course she takes the melody. They should act out the song as they sing.)

Ruth—

How can I leave thee?
How can I from thee part?

Naomi—

Sorely it grieves my heart.

Ruth—

I can not go.

Naomi—

But thou must go.

Ruth—

I cast my lot with thine;
Thy people shall be mine;
Thy God my help divine.

Together—

Through weal or woe.

(At the close of song the curtain is drawn and the Reader comes forward and recites poem.)

Reader—

Oh, noble words were those she said,
This Ruth of whom you all have read;

Faith and good will supreme she had
Toward Naomi, lone and sad.
And if we'd all be such as she,
With her same trust and loyalty,
We must develop our good will—
It must our very being fill.
First to those we hold most dear,
And then to all, afar and near;
But most of all to Him on high—
"Thy God my God" until we die.
Such homes where this good will prevails
Become the power which never fails
To uplift all humanity
And further Christianity.

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF WAR?

(Jas. 3: 13-18; 4: 1, 2)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

CHARACTERS.

SOLDIER—In khaki uniform (tenor).

MAN-POWER—Man in business suit (bass).

RED CROSS NURSE—In uniform (soprano).

WOMANHOOD—Girl in modern dress (alto).

(Enter Soldier. He pauses center of platform and blows a bugle call, then speaks these lines.)

Soldier—

The call to arms—a stirring sound;
'Tis heard by all the world around.
Come forth, you men and women brave!
Come forth, and thus your country save!

(Enter Man-power. He salutes the Soldier.)

Man-power—

I am the man-power of our State;
My body's strong, my power is great;
I heard your call and I obey;
I go to war this very day.
But tell me, ere I leave my home,
Why must these battles ever come?
What is the cause for all this strife?
The reason for such loss of life?

Soldier—

The reasons for a nation's war?
Well you may ask me what they are!
The only reasons I can see
Are greed and bitter jealousy.
They do not claim to be the cause;
They mask behind a great applause.

'Twould not do for men to know
 Why they must fight—why they must go
 In every war; envy and greed
 Have caused the strife, have done the deed.
 Where wars are fought for pure defense,
 They're justified in every sense;
 But only then should men take arms
 To guard a nation from all harms.
 But we are helpless, we must go;
 Right or wrong, we fight the foe.

(Enter Red Cross Nurse.)

Nurse—

O soldier brave, sick is my heart
 To think another war must start,
 And, though I freely give my life,
 I'd like to stop *both* pain and strife.

(Enter Womanhood.)

Womanhood—

The women of this land of ours
 Have said *there shall be no more wars*;
 We know that envy, greed and lust
 Have overtaken all that's just,
 And we demand that all shall know
 The reason why we have a foe.
 O soldier brave, when will wars cease?
 When comes the blessed dawn of peace?

Soldier—

When men have wisdom from above,
 Then will they *all* their brothers love;
 Gone the greed and jealousy
 From out their hearts, pride and envy;
 Instead there grows such mercy there
 That *never* will he wish to war.
 God grant His wisdom to those men
 Who might cause strife to come again,
 And make their hearts their envy cease,
 That we may all just live in peace.

(They sing first verse of "Peace, the Gift of God's Love.")

HOW MISSIONARIES ADVANCE WORLD PEACE

(Isa. 52: 7-10)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

CHARACTERS.

PEACE—Young woman in flowing, white robe, with the word “Peace” on a sash across her breast.

MISSIONARY—Young man carrying Bible.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY—Young man in business suit.

TEACHER—Young woman in modern dress.

(Curtain rises, disclosing Peace seated upon her throne in center of platform.)

Peace—

The reign of peace—
My day at last;
The wars must cease,
Those days are past.
Many shall try,
In days to come,
To pass me by,
But there are some
Ever on guard
My reign to prove,
And they work hard
With a great love.
I'll call them here,
And you shall see
They do not fear
To protect me.
They do not know
They're guards of mine;
Our common foe
Has made them mine.

(She sounds a gong and the Missionary enters.)

Missionary—

I'm an appointed missionary
 To foreign lands, an emissary;
 I preach the gospel day and night,
 That those in darkness may have light.

(Peace again sounds gong and Medical Missionary enters.)

Medical Missionary—

I heal the sick in foreign lands—
 There's healing in my very hands,
 God-given to perform such deeds;
 I go where'er the gospel leads.

(Peace again sounds gong. Enter Teacher.)

Teacher—

I can not heal, I can not preach,
 But do my humble best to teach;
 In Christian schools across the sea
 They learn life's better ways from me.

Peace—

Ah! those who preach
 And those who heal
 And they that teach
 Are those that feel
 The need of peace;
 Indeed, they serve
 The Prince of peace,
 And never swerve.
 Yes, all they do,
 In words and deeds,
 Is service true
 And what peace needs;
 For when all men
 Are ruled by love,
 Comes only then
 Peace from above.

(They sing all three verses of "Bid the Din of Battle Cease," hymn No. 542 in the "New Praise Hymnal." If this can not be obtained, sing only first verse to the tune of "Safely Through Another Week.")

Bid the din of battle cease;
Folded be the wings of fire;
Let your courage further peace,
Every gentle heart's desire.
Let the crimson flood retreat,
Blended in the arc of love;
Let the flags of nations meet,
Bind the raven, loose the dove.

A GOOD OLD WORLD.

'Tis a good old world, though we sometimes say
That its paths are rather hard,
For the sunlight shines on the rockiest way,
And never a soul is barred
From the bright, white road that leads to peace,
Through the valley and up the hill,
Where the din is hushed and the clamors cease—
'Tis a good old world, if we will.

'Tis a good old world, though you and I
Might make it better yet
If we'd care for the woes of another, and try
Our own little woes to forget.
If we'd straighten the lives that are rather askew,
At a sacrifice even of ease—
But really, you know, there are many who do;
'Tis a good old world, if you please.

—*Edgar S. Nye.*

HOW AVOID A SUMMER SLUMP IN OUR SOCIETY WORK

(Heb. 10: 24, 25)

By MARY GREY

CHARACTERS.

KENNETH (wears knickers and sweater).

MALCOLM (wears baseball suit and carries a mit).

| | | |
|--------|---|---------------------------|
| TOM | } | Members of baseball team. |
| JOHN | | |
| BUD | | |
| SAM | | |
| JUNIOR | | |
| TED | | |
| JERRY | | |

(While Kenneth is arranging his fishing-rod, from behind a screen is heard a group of singers singing the first stanza of "Fling Out the Banner, Let It Float" [page 215, "Hymnal for American Youth"]. Just as the song is ended, Malcolm comes dashing in.)

Malcolm—Did you hear that song, "Fling Out the Banner, Let It Float"? That's what we're going to do with our baseball banner. We're going to win the championship and put old [local town] on the map. [He notices Kenneth's costume.] Ken, what's the big idea? Where are you going? Didn't you know the team's practicing this afternoon?

Kenneth—Yep; but you don't think I'm going to miss a good trip, do you? Uncle Tom's going to take me on a camping trip, and you ought to see the outfit he's got—a fishing-rod that cost fifteen dollars, a tent almost as big as Barnum and Bailey's, and we've dug worms all morning too. I bet we'll catch more fish than anybody in this town ever caught. Don't you wish you were going along, Malcolm?

Malcolm (disgusted)—Well, you're a good sport, you are. Here our big game comes off Saturday and only these three days to practice in, and you're going off fishing. Did it ever dawn upon you that

you can't win a baseball game unless every member of the team helps? The team will be all shot if you go away just now. Come on. Be a sport and help us win the pennant. Gee! think how nice it would look there in our clubroom. Can't you just see it up there on the wall?

Kenneth—What do you think I am? You'd go if you only had the chance. What difference does it make if I don't practice? I'll be back in time for the game, and three days won't make any difference.

Malcolm—Coach Eliot told us yesterday that missing even one practice might keep us from winning the game. He said it's the teamwork that counts. One player can't win a game, but it's mighty easy for one player to lose it. He says it's the same in everything else. It's perseverance and co-operation that win.

Kenneth (digging his toe into the dirt and hanging his head)—Well, that may be true, but just the same I'm not going to miss this chance. It's all right for you to talk, because you haven't the chance to go.

(Tom, John, Bud, Sam, Junior, Ted and Jerry enter. They carry baseball bats, balls, mits, etc. They may wear baseball suits.)

Tom (discovering *Kenneth* in his sports clothes)—Say, why the glad rags?

Bud—Aren't you coming out to practice?

Sam—I say, look at mamma's boy, all dressed up.

(They all cluster around *Kenneth*.)

Kenneth—Aw, shut up! I'm going fishing.

All (in surprise)—Fishing!

Junior—Just before the game?

Ted—You're a nice one, aren't you?

Jerry—Look here, Ken; honest to goodness, the game's lost if you go away. You're not going to leave us in the lurch like this, are you? Don't you know how we've all talked about winning the pennant?

Tom—You were the biggest talker in the whole lot.

Kenneth (beginning to weaken)—Well, I suppose I can give it up—but you ought to see that new fishing-pole Uncle Tom bought for me!

John—What's a fishing-pole compared to a baseball pennant?

Kenneth—All right; if that's the way you feel about it, I'll stay home.

All—Hooray! Rah! rah! That's a good boy. Now you're talking [etc.]. [They slap him on the back.] Well, so long; see you at the diamond. (All the boys except Malcolm and Kenneth go out.)

Malcolm—Well, I sure am relieved to think you're staying, for now we'll win the game sure enough. Next Wednesday it will be all over, and then we can all go camping and fishing as much as we like. I'm going off next Saturday, and I'm not coming back until Monday.

Kenneth (in surprise)—What! you're going to miss Christian Endeavor?

Malcolm—Sure, just one Sunday. What difference does it make?

Kenneth—Well, it seemed to make a lot of difference to the team if I missed one practice. Suppose every member of the Endeavor should miss next Sunday—then where would we be? You remember what you told me about perseverance and co-operation. Why don't you apply that to yourself and the Endeavor society?

Malcolm—Christian Endeavor isn't as important as baseball. I don't see why you're so interested anyhow.

Kenneth—Christianity is more important than baseball, and, when you joined the Christian Endeavor, didn't you make a pledge to uphold the work of the society?

Malcolm—Yes, but that doesn't mean I can't go on a week-end trip when I want to.

Kenneth—You remember, Malcolm, that I'm giving up my fishing trip so that I can help win the pennant. Can't you make an effort to get back early enough from your trip so you can go to the Christian Endeavor meeting? Suppose you were the leader, you wouldn't like it if every one went away from your meeting. Let's make a pledge to each other that we will attend every meeting during the summer that we possibly can. That's the time when co-operation and perseverance are needed most.

Malcolm—I guess turn about's fair play, Ken. I'll get back in time for the meeting and do what I can to help.

Kenneth—Good boy, Malcolm! You won't have to give up your trip, either. Let's remember our pledge.

(Together they recite Christian Endeavor pledge. Chorus sings the fourth stanza of "Fling Out the Banner.")

PRAYER IN THE LIFE OF LEADERS

(Mark 1: 35; Luke 6: 12)

By MARY GREY

CHARACTERS.

MRS. GRAY.
MRS. WINTER.
MRS. JONES.

MRS. VALENTINE.
MRS. TULLEY.
HIDDEN CHORUS.

SCENE—The living-room in the home of Mrs. Tulley, in 1918.

The Prologue (given by a reader)—Prayer means faith and reliance in God, the result of which will show in our daily lives. Because of this faith in God, the man who prays will be on the side of right rather than that of might. Love, sympathy and understanding will come to him.

“He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

(Hidden chorus sings one stanza of “God Will Take Care of You.”)

(Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Valentine and Mrs. Tulley are sewing and knitting, for it is wartime.)

Mrs. Gray—Yes, that is right. God will take care of us, and our boys too.

Mrs. Winter—Every morning and every night I kneel down and thank the Lord for the return of my Donald, even though he has come back to us with one arm missing.

Mrs. Valentine—Well, Mrs. Winter, you know the old saying, “Prayer moves the hand that moves the universe.”

Mrs. Jones—Yes, that’s right, and this war has taught us to pray. Sometimes we need affliction to teach us. It is so easy to forget the Master when things are going along nicely.

Mrs. Tulley—We never know just what the result of our prayers will be. I believe they are always answered when it is best for us to have them granted. Just this morning I was reading again "The Passing of Arthur." Do you remember those wonderful words about prayer? (She picks up a book from the table. While she is looking up the passage, the other women knit and sew.)

Mrs. Tulley—Here it is. [Reading:]

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

Mrs. Gray—Wonderful words of faith.

Mrs. Valentine—I like especially the lines:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

That message is an inspiration to every one.

Mrs. Winter—Many of our great men have thought this to be true.

Mrs. Jones—Yes, two of our famous Americans were known for the great faith they placed in the power of prayer. Washington and Lincoln asked the Master's help in all of their undertakings.

Mrs. Gray—Not only Americans, but famous men of all nations, called upon God for help. The story is told that Lord Nelson asked divine guidance before each battle he entered.

Mrs. Valentine—We do not have to go back one hundred years to learn the use of prayer among our great leaders. Our soldiers say that never a day passes on which General Foch does not bow his head in prayer each morning and night to evoke the blessing of God on his tremendous task.

Mrs. Winter—I'm so glad, Mrs. Valentine, that you've brought up the name of General Foch, for I've been wanting to tell you a story about this great general. It was told to my Donald by another American soldier when he was lying in the hospital. On a day during the heaviest fighting in the war this young soldier, off duty for a brief period, was strolling through a small French town. As he was looking around in an old, deserted church, there entered a gray-haired man wearing a dingy uniform of a French general. The soldier noticed

that the officer knelt in prayer for nearly an hour, while his orderly waited. When the general quietly left the church, the American soldier followed him to the street. Once on the pavement, the boy noticed great excitement among the passers-by. Every one looked at the officer with reverence and awe, and all the soldiers saluted him ceremoniously. Then the boy realized for the first time that he had stood in the church while the great leader of the armies of the allies asked the blessing of God upon his work.

Mrs. Jones—What a wonderful experience for a boy to have had! Imagine being in a church with General Foch and his Christ.

Mrs. Gray—With a leader who has such faith we are sure to have a great victory. We must all trust and pray until the end.

(While the chorus sings softly "Sweet Hour of Prayer," the women bow their heads.)

HOW GREAT LEADERS SERVED THEIR GENERATION

(Acts 20: 17-35; Eph. 3: 14-19)

By MARY GREY

CHARACTERS.

ELEANOR.

ROBERT.

DOROTHY.

ALLAN.

SCENE—There is a table at the right at which Eleanor sits, reading. Dorothy is sewing, half-heartedly. On the other side of the room Robert is examining some leaves, and Allan is looking at an airplane model.

Eleanor—How I wish it would stop raining! I'm so sick of reading. It's rained all this week.

Dorothy (rising)—Let's have a game of ping-pong.

Robert—You don't expect me to play ping-pong, do you? Nobody but a sissy plays that.

Allan—Well, how about a game of heroes?

Eleanor—A game of heroes! What's that?

Allan—You each choose your favorite character—the one you would like to be most like—and tell why you would like to be like that person.

Robert—I'll be first.

Dorothy—Robert, ladies should come first.

Allan—Yes, Bob, Dot's right. Go on. You begin.

Dorothy—I'm going to choose Florence Nightingale. I read a book about her just the other day, and I think she's the greatest woman of all times.

Robert—Well, tell us about her.

Dorothy (as she tells the story the boys sit near her on the floor and listen intently)—Florence Nightingale lived at the time of the Crimean War, and, though the Crimean battles are little known, the work of Florence Nightingale never will be forgotten. Reports from the soldiers on the battlefield, pouring into England through the famous war correspondent, Sir William Russell, told that the men were dying like flies in the unsanitary camps. Sir Russell appealed to the

women to come and save the soldiers. But there were very few women in England properly prepared for the task. The Minister of War decided that the only woman capable of organizing a scheme for caring for the soldiers was Florence Nightingale. Although she was an English lady of wealth and position, she had trained at a hospital in England and had studied the hospital system in France. When she reached the Bosphorus she found an enormous hospital which from the outside appeared palatial, but inside presented a scene of filth. Immediately she set to work to better conditions—an almost impossible task. She carried so much light to the dark places that she has been called “The Lady of the Lamp.” After the war she led the great nursing movement which swept England.

Eleanor—That’s the kind of life I’d like to lead.

Dorothy—Can’t you just imagine Florence Nightingale as an old lady dreaming of war experiences?

(The lights are dimmed, and behind a screen which stands in the center, and is removed at this time, a living picture is seen.)

PICTURE—An old lady, Florence Nightingale, sits reading at a table. A candle furnishes the only light. She glances up and dreamily looks into the distance. Some music is played while this picture is shown. The character in this living picture should wear a white fichu around her neck, and have her hair powdered.

(The screen is placed in front of the picture, and the next picture can be arranged while the play goes on.)

Robert—My hero is not one of war, but of peace—John James Audubon, a lover and student of birds. Although his father was French, the son came to America as a young man and lived on his father’s estate near Philadelphia. As a child he spent his time in studying the wonders of nature. He made a collection of stones, birds’ nests and flowers. He was never successful in his business ventures because he was more interested in studying and making portraits of his beloved birds. Finally he became known as an authority on birds, and he aroused the interest of America, Scotland and England by his purpose to protect bird life. I’d like to do something like that.

Allan—Gee! I bet he had a lot of fun, when he was a boy, collecting all those bugs and things. Can’t you just picture him?

(The lights are dimmed and the screen is lifted, showing the living picture.)

PICTURE—Soft music is played while the picture is shown. A small boy is seated at a table. He is surrounded by birds' nests, flowers, etc., and is working intently.

Eleanor—Now it is my time. I'd like to be Joan of Arc.

Robert—Oh, you couldn't be Joan of Arc. You'd be afraid to fight a battle.

Eleanor—That isn't the reason I want to be like her—it's because of the way she served her country. We've just studied about her in history. She was a poor peasant girl of Domremy, who tended the sheep all day in the fields. The English were attacking France, and the girl often wished that some savior of her country would arise. One day voices came to her telling her that she was to save her people. At first she was full of fear, but the voices became stronger and she prayed to God for guidance. She was given command of troops and defeated the English. Then at the last she was given up to her enemies and was burned at the stake. But the thing I admire most is not her victory, but the fact that she put all of her faith in God and He helped her save her people. Can't you picture her kneeling and listening to the voices as she received the message?

(The lights are dimmed and the screen is lifted, showing the living picture.)

PICTURE—A maiden in a peasant costume of France is kneeling in the center. A great light shines down upon her. The French national air is played while the picture is shown.

Allan—Well, my hero is living right to-day, and he's not so much older than we are—Col. Charles Lindbergh. He's the greatest living aviator, and just think of the courage he showed in flying all alone across the ocean! He's done more to bring about good will between nations than any other person or any treaty. He has joined North America and South America, and I think he'll unite the nations of the world.

(The lights are lowered and the screen is lifted, showing the living picture.)

PICTURE—A tall, young man in aviator's costume, representing Lindbergh, stands in the center. He joins the hands of two kneeling figures. One bears a placard on her costume, South America; the other, North America. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played.

HOW JESUS MADE LEADERS OF HIS DISCIPLES

(Mark 1:17; 5:18-20; 6:7; Acts 1:4, 8)

By MARY GREY

CHARACTERS.

EVERY BOY.

SELFISHNESS.

EVERY GIRL.

VANITY.

FRIVOLOUS PLEASURE.

DECEIT.

COSTUMES.

EVERY BOY and EVERY GIRL wear ordinary street clothing. They should be about twelve years old. If older people are used, they should be made up to look like children. This can be done easily.

FRIVOLOUS PLEASURE wears scarlet dress and wears scarlet flowers in her hair. Her whole appearance is very attractive.

SELFISHNESS is elaborately dressed in green.

VANITY wears a dress of purple, a large, fancy hat and a long scarf.

DECEIT wears a dress of yellow covered with tinsel. It should be rather long and clinging.

SCENE—An open space in the country. To the left, on a high pole, is an arrow pointing left, bearing the words, "To the Christian Life."

(Enter Every Boy and Every Girl.)

Every Girl—Which is the road to the Christian life? I wonder if it's over this way. (Looks right.)

Every Boy—Here's a sign. It's so high I can scarcely read it.

Every Girl—Yes, this is the road, for the sign says, "To the Christian Life."

(Enter Frivolous Pleasure. She is very gay.)

Frivolous Pleasure—Why do you waste your time looking for that sign? It will lead you along such a stupid way. Come with me and I will take you along pathways of gaiety, where we dance and play all day long and never worry or fret about anything.

Every Boy—Who are you, beautiful lady?

Frivolous Pleasure—My name is Pleasure, and some folks call me Frivolous, but I should worry. Come here beside me and I will tell you about my exciting times.

(She sits down on a tree-trunk at the right. The children sit on the ground beside her.)

Frivolous Pleasure—If you will come with me, you will know nothing but happy moments; but, if you follow that road, you'll be so busy that you'll have no time to enjoy yourselves.

Every Girl—What, dear lady, will you offer us?

Frivolous Pleasure—Instead of dull Sunday mornings, I can give you the joys of tennis, swimming and golf. Sunday afternoons you can play bridge and win a great deal of money. And at night you can dance and dance and dance until morning.

Every Girl—Dance all night? And play bridge for money? That's gambling. Mother never allows us to do that. She says it isn't right.

Every Boy—Come on, sister. Mother told us to follow the Christian road.

Frivolous Pleasure—Good-by, foolish children. Some day you'll wish to call me back.

(She runs gaily away. The children watch her as she leaves. Upon turning they discover Selfishness standing in their path.)

Every Girl (surprised)—I didn't see you. Where did you come from?

Every Boy—Who are you? Are you looking for the lady who just left us?

Selfishness—No, no, my dear boy. I have no interest in any one except myself. My name is Selfishness, and I have come to show you which road to take.

Every Girl—Mother told us to follow this road.

Selfishness—That is a very unpleasant way. I don't believe you'll like it. Don't you think your mother would rather have you take a road that will make you happy?

Every Boy—What will we find if we go down your road?

Selfishness—You'll not have to get up early on cold mornings to look after the furnace, nor shovel the snow from the pavements, nor mow the lawn in the summer. You can think of yourself all day long and do things to please yourself.

Every Boy—Gee, I'd like that!

Selfishness (turning to Every Girl)—As for you, there will be no more making beds, washing dishes, darning socks, or doing any of the tasks you dislike so much.

Every Girl (to brother, hesitatingly)—I don't believe we'd better follow her; do you, brother?

Every Boy—No, let's follow this other road just as we said we would.

Selfishness—Good-by, foolish children. Some day you'll wish to call me back. (She goes out left.)

Every Boy—That's just what the other lady said.

(They start down the path marked by the arrow. Vanity calls from the right.)

Vanity—Little boy, little girl, wait a minute!

(They turn and discover Vanity, who beckons them to come to her.)

Vanity—Look, I've brought you a present. [Opens a box. Every Boy and Every Girl watch her intently. She pulls out a long strand of pearls. To Every Girl:] Here is a gift for you—pearls, beautiful pearls, to adorn yourself. And here are rings—and here's a watch for you, my boy.

Every Girl (looking at gifts)—How lovely! I thank you, beautiful lady.

Every Boy—That's a dandy watch, I'll tell the world. Come, sister; it's getting dark. (They start. Vanity touches them.)

Vanity—Oh, no, my children. If you take my gifts, you must come with me. My name is Vanity.

Every Girl (downcast)—Well, I guess you'll have to take your pearls back. We promised mother we'd let no one stop us in our journey.

Every Boy—And here's the watch. I guess I can't keep it. (Drops it reluctantly into the box.)

Vanity—Just as you please. There are many other boys and girls who will treasure my gifts. Good-by, foolish children. Some day you'll wish to call me back. (Vanity exits left.)

Every Girl—They all say the same thing. (They watch Vanity leave.)

Deceit—Ah! my children, do not worry about her. [She walks down left.] Come and listen to my secrets.

Every Boy—No, no, we have wasted too much time now. Soon darkness will overtake us, and we'll be lost.

Deceit—Yes, that road is very dark. I know a path that is bright and shining. Which would you like better?

Every Boy and Every Girl—But we promised mother.

Deceit—What is a promise? You can go down my road and tell your mother you went the other way. My name is Deceit, and I can teach you many keen and cunning things. If you will lie and cheat and break your promises, you can have anything you want.

Every Boy and Every Girl (horrified)—Oh, no!

Every Boy (grabbing his sister's hand)—Come, sister. We must hurry. (They take a step down the path to the Christian life.)

Deceit (throws back her head and laughs scornfully)—Ha! ha! ha! Good-by, foolish children. Some day you'll wish to call me back.

(Selfishness appears at one entrance, Vanity at one, Pleasure at one and Deceit at the other. Each holds out her arms to the children.)

Frivolous Pleasure—Come, little boy. Come, little girl.

Vanity—Vanity is offering you gifts.

Selfishness—Selfishness is inviting you to come with her.

Deceit—Deceit is calling you. Come with her.

Every Boy and Every Girl (the children have turned)—We are going to follow Christ as our mother has taught us. We must take the path to the Christian life.

(The children walk resolutely down the road; the others shake their heads.)

GREAT MISSIONARY LEADERS

(Eph. 3: 7, 8; 4: 11-13)

By MARY GREY

CHARACTERS.

READER.

ELEVEN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, each of whom wears on the chest a placard with one letter of the word "Livingstone."

Reader—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Christ's last command has fired all the Christian world to spread His teaching among all nations. Men and women have gone to the icy shores of Labrador, the burning deserts of Africa and the mountains of Tibet to deliver the message of His love. Suffering untold hardships and dangers, they have carried the gospel to the ignorant and sinful. Our playlet this evening will tell about the life and work of one of the greatest missionary leaders the world has ever known—one whose body lies in Westminster Abbey, that vast memorial of Britain's courageous sons and daughters. (Hidden chorus sings two stanzas, "Christ for the World.")

(Enter character wearing placard bearing the letter "L." She steps to the center of the platform rather far front.)

L—On the banks of the Clyde, above Glasgow, was born, on March 19, 1813, a boy who was destined to become one of the greatest explorers and missionaries of all times. His father had been apprenticed to a clothmaker and had married Agnes Hunter, the daughter of his employer. (She steps back and takes her place at the right. Her position should be planned so that when all the characters have said their parts they will form a complete semi-circle, and their letters will spell the name "Livingstone." Second character, wearing large "I" on placard, enters. She steps to the front.)

I—The boy's name was David Livingstone. His Grandfather Hunter stirred the childish imagination with his tales and legends. As soon as the boy learned to read he devoured his grandfather's missionary books. This led him to explore the country near him, with him-

self as a pretended pioneer into foreign lands. (Takes place beside the character "L." Third character enters. She wears "V" on her placard. Steps to the front.)

V—Although he worked fourteen hours a day in the cotton-mills, he spent three or four hours each night studying Latin and reading. On half-holidays he studied botany in the fields surrounding his home. Often he propped his book on the spinning-jenny so he could study as he worked. (Takes her place beside "I." Fourth character enters. Wears "I" on her placard. Steps to front.)

I—At the age of nineteen he walked nine miles each day to attend classes in medicine at Glasgow University. He determined to become a medical missionary and joined the London Missionary Society. (Takes place beside "V." Fifth character, wearing "N" on placard, enters and steps to front.)

N—His first task was to preach a sermon to a village congregation. This sermon was a miserable failure. After he had given out his text, he suffered an attack of stage fright and faltered: "Friends, I have forgotten what I had to say." Although he preached all his life, he never was a popular public speaker. For this reason his application for work as a missionary was almost rejected. However, he was given another chance, and finally was accepted. (Takes place beside "I." Sixth character, with "G" on placard, enters and steps to front.)

G—He continued his medical studies and received his diploma. Having heard Robert Moffat, speaking in the interest of Africa, say that he had often seen in the morning the smoke of a thousand villages where the story of Jesus had never been heard. This led Livingstone to decide for Africa. In 1840 he sailed for Cape Town, from which point he started in an ox-wagon for Kuruman, seven hundred miles distant. It was here that the Moffats were stationed. (Steps back and stands beside "N." Character "S" appears and steps to front.)

S—At Kuruman he began the study of the language and customs of the people. Then he began to preach the gospel and to heal the sick. (Stands beside "G." "T" appears and steps to front.)

T—Finding that the population at Kuruman was small, he wanted to go farther north. He selected a site for a station two hundred miles north of Kuruman. In June, 1843, he received permission from the Society to open the new station which was called Mabotsa. With his own hands he built a house where he took his wife, Mary Moffat, daughter of the missionary. (Takes place beside "S." Character "O" appears and takes place in front.)

O—He worked with the natives, preaching the gospel and improving their living conditions. Building, cobbling, carpentering, gun-mending and teaching helped fill his time. His salary was only \$500 a year, which provided only the poorest food and the plainest apparel. (Steps back beside “T.” “N” comes to platform, stepping to front.)

N—In 1852 he sent his wife and three children back to England, so that he could explore the Zambesi River. On this hazardous expedition he discovered Victoria Falls, a greater natural wonder than Niagara. Four years later he returned to England, where he found the whole country ringing with his name and accomplishments. He had spent eleven years in Africa and had traveled eleven thousand miles in the dark continent. (Takes a place beside “O.” “E” enters, goes to front.)

E—On a later expedition Livingstone reached the heart of Africa, where for a long time he was lost to the outside world. During this time he had many trying experiences. He was half starved, his medicine-chest was stolen and he suffered from fever. He was found by Henry Morton Stanley, traveling correspondent of the *New York Herald*. Illness and fatigue had reduced him to a skeleton. Six months later Stanley left him with supplies, unable to persuade the great explorer to give up his purpose. A year later he was found dead, kneeling at his bedside. He died in the act of prayer. (Takes her place. Now the semi-circle is complete and the placards spell the name “Livingstone.” As the group stands in this position a hidden chorus sings, “Take My Life and Let It Be.”)

NOTE—If time is limited, playlet may end here. Otherwise continue with the following candle-lighting service.

(At the end of the song the Reader goes to a table at the left. She holds a lighted candle in her hand. While very soft music is played, “L,” the first character, goes to the table. Reader takes from the table an unlighted candle. “L” kneels before the Reader. The Reader lights the candle and says or reads as follows:)

Reader—I light this candle of devotion in memory of the man who gave himself to his cause with such untiring zeal. (“L” rises, takes the candle and returns to her place in the semi-circle. This same procedure is carried out before each of the following speeches. “I” goes to table.)

Reader—So great was the *faith* of Livingstone in God that it protected him from the dangers and perils that continually surrounded

him. ("I" takes lighted candle and returns to place. "V" goes to table, kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—The candle of *kindness* reminds us of one who was never too weary or too preoccupied to set aside his own work in order to care for the needy Africans. ("V" takes candle and returns to position. "I" goes to table, kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—*Perseverance* was to Livingstone second nature. Never did he falter in his stupendous task of exploring an undiscovered continent. ("I" takes the candle, which the Reader has lighted for her, and returns to her place. "N" goes to the table and kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—Without fear he went where no white man had ever been before. I light this candle of *fearlessness*. ("N" takes the lighted candle and returns to her place. "G" goes to table and kneels.)

Reader—The candle of *unselfishness* should be lighted for Livingstone, who gave up the joys and comforts of his home life in order that his family might have the advantages of civilization while he continued his difficult work. ("G" takes the lighted candle and returns to position. "S" goes to table and kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—*Industry* was ever with this pioneer of Christianity in Africa, whose indefatigable labors were carried on regardless of difficulties. ("S" returns to place with the lighted candle, and "T" kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—*Service* to his Master comprised for Livingstone the keynote of his entire life, through which he not only preached, but lived, the gospel. ("T" takes the lighted candle and returns. "O" kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—This candle of *endurance* burns for the hours of physical and mental suffering borne nobly by this man of God. ("O" returns to position, and "N" kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—With *patience* Livingstone bore his sufferings, even when he faced death by slow starvation when he waited in the jungle for relief finally brought by Stanley. ("N" returns to position, and "E" kneels before the Reader.)

Reader—The last of the candles I light for *loyalty* so abundantly shown by Livingstone to his cause that it inspired in his followers a similar loyalty to him. After his death, his followers buried his heart beneath a huge tree and carved his name and date above the spot. After drying and packing the body, they started for the coast through swamp and desert in the path of disease and death. For ten months

the journey lasted, until the natives delivered the body and all the missionary's goods to the British Consul at Zanzibar. ("E" returns. Now the semi-circle is again complete.)

Reader (pointing to the name "Livingstone")—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Chorus—

"From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

"What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

JOYS AND DANGERS WHEN AWAY FROM HOME

(Gen. 28: 10-22)

By EVA R. BAIRD

CHARACTERS.

THE HOME SPIRIT—A girl dressed in a smock.

THE VACATION SPIRIT—A girl dressed in sports clothes.

THE LOYAL SPIRIT—A girl in white.

(Lively music is played and the Home Spirit appears on one side of the platform as the Vacation Spirit appears on the other.)

Vacation Spirit—

The Vacation Spirit am I;
I hie to the mountains or sea;
I follow with jest and jollity,
Wherever there's room for me.

I seek rest for body and mind;
I seek a change of clime;
Whatever I find of fun and joy,
I eagerly claim as mine.

Oh, if we must work the whole year through,
Let's cut loose when vacation comes;
Let's leave behind the day's routine
And forget that we have homes.

The Home Spirit—

Vacation, we know, is good;
Both body and mind need rest.
We will come back to our work again
With a fund of renewed zest.

Though I am the Spirit of Home,
I still would bid you go;
While I linger here in the home nest,
Your wanderings I will know.

As you go on your gladsome jaunt,
Take with you ideals of home;
Be loyal to the home ties
Wherever you may roam.

(Instrumental music, "Home, Sweet Home." Both listen, but the Home Spirit shows contentment in her bearing, while the Vacation Spirit is restless.)

The Vacation Spirit (impatiently)—Oh, why should we think of "Home, Sweet Home"? I want a change of scene.

Home Spirit (gently)—

But wherever you go in your wanderings,
You will hear your home's clear call.

Vacation Spirit—

Nay, I do not want to hear it;
I am going on my own.

Home Spirit—

Go not into the ways of wrong,
When evil seeds are sown.

(For a moment the Vacation Spirit almost sulks and the Home Spirit broods gently. Then both give attention to instrumental music. Music: Hymn "I Would Be True" played through. The Loyal Spirit enters during the music and stands between the other two.)

The Loyal Spirit—

O restless Vacation Spirit,
And calm Home Spirit too,
In answer to your problem
I bring solution true.

Not in vacation wanderings,
Nor in our home confines,
Are we assured of full content,
If we can read the signs.

It is the Loyal Spirit
Must guide us near and far;
At home or on vacations
It is our guiding star.

Loyalty to Christ our King,
And to our native land,
No matter who or where we are—
On this we take our stand.

(The three join hands and sing "I'll Live for Him.")

"My life, my love, I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God.

CHORUS.

"I'll live for Him who died for me;
How happy, then, my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God!"

WORTH-WHILE HOBBIES

(Ps. 8: 3-9)

By EVA R. BAIRD

CHARACTERS.

RUG-MAKER—A girl who is making either a hooked rug or knitting a rug of rags on long, wooden needles.

FISHERMAN—A boy in rough clothes, with fishing-line and bag for fish.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Either a boy or girl with a kodak.

(The rug-maker is sitting on a low chair, busily engaged in making her rug. She sings to herself.)

Rug-maker (singing)—

“Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man’s work is done.”

(Rug-maker rises and holds up her rug for inspection, then speaks.)

Rug-maker—But you wouldn’t call that work. It’s fun to take the old, worn-out things and make them blossom into something bright and new. This is the best rug I have made yet, I do believe. [Looks at it admiringly.] But now I have real work to do. I’ll come back to you [she pats the rug affectionately], my beauty, the first leisure time I get.

(As Rug-maker folds her rug, Fisherman enters the room, whistling. He pauses abruptly as he sees her, and speaks.)

Fisherman—Such a day! Such a day! Why, I’m all made over. A day of real fishing is as good as a summer vacation.

Rug-maker—Did they bite?

Fisherman—Bite? I'll say they did. There's plenty here for supper for us and all the neighbors.

Rug-maker—Well, that's not cheap food when it costs you a day's labor.

Fisherman—Labor? Hear the girl! A day of joy! It isn't the fish you catch, it's the joy of the sport that makes it worth while. Did you ever think about it that Jesus understood fishing? When He wanted to call His disciples to evangelize the world, He said: "I will make you fishers of men." He couldn't have used a more forceful figure.

Rug-maker—Well, I've had a good day myself. I got a lot done on my rug. And it's like your fishing—it isn't just the rug, it's the joy of the making.

Fisherman—Well, hobbies are worth while. Of course you have to ride them, and not let them ride you. But I do believe your rugs and my fish make us better workers in our real lines. Me for a hobby.

Photographer (who bursts suddenly into view)—A hobby! Did you say hobby? Well, there's none like mine. For sheer pleasure give me a kodak. The pictures I take and the pictures I see all around me are giving me a new outlook on life. When you pose a subject for a picture, you must consider him from every angle and bring out his best features. That's a good thing to do with people generally. In nature, vistas open everywhere that I never saw before. The world is one grand panorama. I can't get it all in snapshots, but I can keep the open vision that will enable me to see beauty everywhere.

Rug-maker (standing between the other two)—Well, we three are agreed. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. And some of our days are play mad. But between work and play are side lines like ours which add to the richness of life. Basketry or butterflies or stamp collecting may be wonderfully worth while. Let's sing a song.

(Tune, "Work, for the Night Is Coming.")

“Work when the morning calls you;
Play when the day is done;
Know that the hours are golden
From sun unto sun.
Treasure the leisure moments;
Fill them with rich design;
Choose for your avocation
Some worth-while side line.”

SOME GOOD SUMMER READING

(Eccl. 12: 11, 12; 1 Tim. 4: 12, 13)

By EVA R. BAIRD

CHARACTERS.

SUMMER GIRL—A girl in smock or house-dress.

READING—A young man.

THE BOOKS—Children with large sheets of stiff paper fastened to their arms. By bringing arms forward, each child simulates a closed book, and by throwing them back, an open one. Each "Book" is marked with its name. There are three "Books," as follows:

1. THE NEW POETRY.
2. BIOGRAPHY.
3. WHOLESOME FICTION.

(As the playlet opens, Summer Girl lounges in a reclining-chair. Near by may be a tennis racket, a stringed instrument or other unused accessories suggestive of summer occupations.)

Summer Girl (stretching her arms and yawning)—There's simply nothing to do, and, if there were, who'd want to do it this weather? It's too hot for outdoor sports, and indoor games are stupid in summer. We have to do a certain amount of work, but, when that's done, what next? I'm tired of resting, and the more I think about the heat the hotter it gets.

(She picks up stringed instrument and strums it idly. If she can play it, she plays idly and without interest. Finally she drops the instrument and rests back in her reclining-chair. As she talks Reading enters.)

Summer Girl (continues)—Oh, I'd like to wave my fairy wand and bring hither some interests or occupation that would really hold one's attention on summer days. I believe I'll try—only I haven't any wand. [She waves her arms gracefully.]

Come from the unknown, come, come;
Help me not to be so dumb.

What shall I do on a summer day?
Who will answer me, I pray?

Reading (moving into a position where Summer Girl sees him and speaking with animation)—I will answer you, and that right quickly. What sort of person are you who moons away your leisure in this fashion? I'm not calling names, but, since you called yourself dumb, I'll not contradict you.

Summer Girl (rises)—And who are you?

Reading—Why, I am the answer to your call. My name is Reading. Don't you know that when everything else fails there is always the companionship of books? Summer reading is one of the precious things of life.

Summer Girl—Reading! Why, I never thought of it that way. Of course I read—some. But you'd have to show me that summer reading is anything very special.

Reading—All right; I'll show you. I'll call the books themselves. [He turns to call:] Books! Books! Come here!

(The Books come dancing in and shout in imitation of college yell.)

The Books—

Who are, who are, who are we?
We are, we are, we are the
Books worth reading. See!

(Each Book opens, disclosing its title-page.)

The New Poetry—

I am the verses that moderns are writing,
I am the poems to puzzle your mind;
Free verse and blank verse and rhythmical rhyming—
Lines unexpected in me you will find.

Poetry true perhaps you'll not call me,
True to real life I still claim to be;
Utterance crude to express what is ugly,
Beauty of phrase where beauty I see.

Lindsay and Sandburg, Teasedale and Cullen—
Glean out the good that these moderns will sing;
Tune in your own poetical musings,
With the best modern rhyming let your heart ring.

Biography—

I am Biography, lives of the great men;
Read me and see what lessons you learn;
Good men and evil bring the same moral:
Life gives you daily the wages you earn.
Think not that I am dry and uninteresting,
The new lives of Lincoln will give you a thrill;
The heroes have learned to step from their pedestals,
Letting us see both their good and their ill.
So, on a summer day turn to me gently,
Read of the lives of the good and the great;
Biography still is the queen of good reading;
Take you this pleasure before 'tis too late.

Wholesome Fiction—

Who doesn't like a story, told with vigor and vim?
Who doesn't like a story in setting gay or dim?
Every one likes a story, every one likes a tale;
We echo the hero's laughter and share the heroine's wail.
For stories are just like pictures,
Drawn with a skillful hand—
They lead us from our humdrum world
To the world of fancyland.
Seek only the wholesome fiction
That pictures life at its best,
And leaves in your mind and memory
A vision of joy and zest.

(As the Books finish speaking, Reading stands to one side of them and Summer Girl to the other. Reading looks across to Summer Girl as he speaks.)

Reading—How about it? Aren't they worth while? Of course there are lots of others. There's history, if you care for it, although I think that's better for winter along with study-books. The classics are interesting, especially if a group of people read them together. The best magazines offer a fine line, if you want something you can take in briefer portions of time. Of course I don't mean the trashy fiction that occupies too much of the news-stands, but worth-while publications that tell us in fact and fiction how the world is moving. Then,

there are devotional literature and choice booklets that help one to better understand the Bible and one's higher self. They inspire to helpful living and spiritual ideals. Oh, there are so many good things waiting to be read. As the wise man said: "Of the making of books there is no end."

Summer Girl—Yes, and he said, too, that much reading is a weariness to the flesh, didn't he? All these things you talk about don't get me just right in vacation-time. But these [she points to the Books]—why, I love them and want to read them. They are what I've been waiting for. I could clap my hands with joy at books that walk and talk with me. I'm going to read them and forget the heat. My summer problem is solved.

Reading—Out of my vast experience I can say to you that many of the problems of your whole life can be solved by reading. Read the best literature and treasure only that which you most happily can build into your life.

MISSIONS IN CHANGING CHINA

(2 Chron. 15:1-7)

By EVA R. BAIRD

CHARACTERS.

OLD CHINA—A young man in ancient Chinese costume, including ankle-length coat and queue.

NEW CHINA—A girl with dark, straight, bobbed hair, in a short, pleated skirt, with a side-fastening jacket and peasant sleeves. Darkening the eyebrows and slanting them a trifle will emphasize the Chinese type.

SINGERS—A duet or quartet or other small group of singers.

(Singers take the center of platform and sing. Old China appears at one side of the Singers and New China at the other. These two face each other, speaking past the row of Singers.)

Singers (first stanza, "We've a Story to Tell")—

"We've a story to tell to the nations
That shall turn their hearts to the right,
A story of truth and sweetness,
A story of peace and light.

REFRAIN.

"For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of love and light."

Old China (speaking slowly and deliberately)—Yes, you told the story to China, or a small part of China, more than a century ago. Those were heroic souls who told it first, the pioneer missionaries. They feared neither danger nor sacrifice. With untiring energy they tried to introduce a new religion to a people who wanted nothing new. They met with opposition and persecution, but their courage was undaunted. The story they told was misunderstood until they demonstrated its meaning in sacrificial living and dying. When a mis-

sionary laid down his life for his work, the Chinese began to understand about Jesus. The first converts were slow in coming, but gradually the missionaries were able to spread their message and there were disciples of Christ.

New China—But there were not enough missionaries. There never could be enough missionaries. All the white men that would ever go to China to preach the gospel could not reach China's millions. We know to-day that Christianity must become indigenous in China. The Chinese themselves must tell the gospel story. And so the best help the West gives us is in educating our Christians and training our ministers. New days demand new ways. But the story of salvation through Christ must be told.

Singers—

“We’ve a song to be sung to the nations
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord,
A song that shall conquer evil
And shatter the spear and sword.”—REF.

Old China—Yes, that song has been sung. But often there were clashing chords accompanying it. If, when the Western missionary brought us the song of redemption, the Western world had demonstrated Christianity, we might have believed long ago. But, instead of shattering spear and sword, the West has taught us the lesson of force. While they extolled the Prince of peace, they worshiped the god of war. Even the missionaries came to be associated in our minds with gunboats. The song of salvation is a wonderful song, but it can not be sung to the accompaniment of selfishness.

New China—But that is changing—oh, slowly, to be sure—but still changing. The Orient will never understand why the so-called Christian world has been so slow grasping the ideals of Jesus, but, if it will only grasp them now, China will believe. Not only in international relations, but in business dealings, must the West be Christian before its religion will be more than a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to newly awakened China. But the harmony of the song increases. We listen for its perfect melody.

Singers—

“We’ve a message to give to the nations,
That the Lord, who reigneth above,
Hath sent us His Son to save us
And show us that God is love.”—REF.

Old China—Yes, that was the message of the first missionaries. They told us that there was one God, who was our Father, and that He sent His Son Jesus into the world to save us. “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” It was a simple message, and simple souls believed it. The first Chinese Christians were not the learned or the great. But now the missionaries do not only preach, but run hospitals and schools in the name of Christ. They spread modern methods of agriculture and industry, and thus get the good will of the people. Is this religion? I do not know. It at least is an effective method of preparing the soil for the sowing of the seed.

New China—Christianity is interested in whatever will help men to turn to Christ and live in Him. The church that will grow indigenous in China is the church that takes the world for its field, intensively as well as extensively. What we ask of Christianity is that it shall show us how to live as individuals as well as nations. The West has not learned the lesson, but East and West can point the way to a Saviour who shall lead us all into the truth of God. Let us down with the barriers of race prejudice, and share with one another the story of salvation, the song of redemption and the message of peace. Jesus is our common Saviour. Oh, here and now let’s sing His praise.

Singers (joined by Old China and New China)—

“We’ve a Saviour to show to the nations,
Who the path of sorrow has trod,
That all of the world’s great people
Might come to the truth of God.”—REF.

CHANCES TO SERVE CHRIST IN SUMMER

(John 6:1-14)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

CHARACTERS—Margaret, Sue, Eleanor, Dorothy, Molly, Ruth (teen-age girls).

(Enter Margaret at left; meets Sue hurrying in from right.)

Margaret—Hello, Sue! Where are you going in such a hurry?

Sue—I'm on my way to the first annual reunion of the "Ins and Outs."

Margaret—The "Ins and Outs"? What in the world is that, a secret society?

Sue (laughing)—Sounds like it, doesn't it? No, we're just a bunch of girls who pledged ourselves to a certain purpose when we separated for our vacations, and now we are meeting to tell each other how the plans worked out.

Margaret—Now you *have* aroused my curiosity! Tell me all about it.

Sue—Well, in talking over our vacation plans, it seemed that some of the girls intended to take a vacation from Sunday school and Christian Endeavor, as well as from school. One girl even went so far as to say that she was not going to go to church while she was away. It was quiet little Eleanor McDonald who brought us to our senses. "Girls," she said timidly, "I wonder if we haven't the wrong slant on this subject of vacation. We claim, as Christians, to believe that our talents, our time, belong to the Lord, and here we are planning to cheat Him out of nearly three months of it. Yes, I was thinking of taking it easy along these lines this summer, too, but a verse which came in my daily reading changed things for me. Paul urged Timothy to be 'instant in season, out of season.' Now, I propose that we revise our vacation plans, and, instead of loafing on the job, let's keep our eyes open for chances to help wherever we are, to show our colors as true soldiers of Christ. Let's call ourselves the 'Ins and Outs.' Here goes my name at the top of the list." Of course we all signed up, feeling ashamed that we had even thought of shirking, and we promised each other that we would have another meeting

just as soon as we returned from our vacations, each one to give an account of how she had used her talents and her time during the summer months. That's where I'm going now, and that's why I'm in such a hurry.

Margaret—I think that's a wonderful idea, Sue! I wish I had known it sooner; I would like to have been an "In and Outer" too.

Sue—There's no reason why you can't be one yet. Wait! here come the girls now.

(Girls greet one another enthusiastically. They seat themselves.)

Sue—Now, girls, let's get down to business at once. Eleanor, you tell us your story first.

Eleanor—We spent the summer in the mountains. One day, out horseback riding, I came to a little mission school. I visited it and later went with the teachers to visit in some of the mountain homes. And, oh, girls, the poverty, the ignorance! There was one child especially who interested me, a little, crippled girl. She was *so* anxious for "l'arnin'," as she called it. The teachers would be only too glad to care for her at the school if some one would pay her board, and I wondered if our society couldn't take her on as part of our social-service work. She is a dear little girl. The teachers think that perhaps, with proper food and treatment, she might even get to walking again. What do you think of it, girls?

Sue—Fine! I know we could do it. [Girls nod approvingly and echo "Yes, yes."] Now, Dorothy, your turn.

Dorothy—My aunt took me to the ocean beach, and, though the girls I met were nice, they certainly did not care much for the observance of the Lord's Day. It took a lot of courage to keep my "In and Out" promise, for they laughed at me; but finally one or two of the girls would leave their golf and go with me to church occasionally, and one girl—well, I really believe she is thinking of giving her heart to Christ. Oh, how I hope she will!

Sue—Good! Molly, you next.

Molly—I stayed at home all summer and had a quiet time. I never once missed going to Sunday school, church or C. E. And I did more than that. I went around with our car and gathered up half a dozen kiddies, who had been irregular in attendance at Sunday school, and had them in their classes every single Sunday of the summer.

Ruth—I stayed home, too, and I made old folks my specialty. I read to Mrs. Robbins; I did errands for Mrs. Malone; I spent whole

afternoons with Grandpa Fisher, while the rest of his family took outings. I enjoyed it too. Now, Sue, what about you?

Sue—I'm afraid I won't shine at all in comparison with you girls. I did so little. I spent the summer in the country—doctor's orders. I did my bit by raising flowers and sending them to the city hospitals and to sick people in their homes. I wish you could see the lovely letters I received from some of them; they more than repaid me for my time and work. I never spent a happier summer.

Margaret (rising)—Girls, you make me feel ashamed! You have made such good use of your time and talents, while I—I have used all the long summer days for my own selfish pleasure. From now on, if you will let me, I will be a real "In and Outer."

Girls (rising)—Indeed we will let you!

Sue—Come, let's sing.

All Sing—

"My life, my love, I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God!

CHORUS.

"I'll live for Him who died for me;
How happy, then, my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God!"

HOW TO BECOME TRULY POPULAR

(Phil. 4: 6, 8; 1 Pet. 3: 8-11)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

CHARACTERS.

YOUNG GIRL.

ANGEL OF COMFORT—Girl dressed in flowing, white robe.

TWO "GIFT ANGELS"—Girls in loose robes of yellow. Each bears a golden casket.

SETTING—Table near center front, easy-chair near by.

(Girl is discovered seated in chair in attitude of deep dejection. Enter Angel of Comfort and stands watching Girl, in pose of sympathy, while unseen singer sings softly the first stanza of Del Riego's "Oh, Dry Those Tears.")

Angel of Comfort (approaching Girl and laying hand on her shoulder)—

Look up, O maiden young and fair,
And tell me what they mean—
Those heavy sighs, these bitter tears
Which on your face are seen.
For I am Comfort, and I come
To lighten grief and woe;
Oh, what is this that bows you down?
What is it grieves you so?

Girl (looking up)—O Angel of Comfort, how good of you to come to my aid, and yet I doubt if you *can* help me. There is something wrong somewhere, and I do not know how to make it right!

Angel of Comfort—

Oh, tell me—let me help you, pray!
To right the wrong we'll find a way.

Girl—You will think my trouble only foolishness, I fear, but it is very real to me. Of course you know that every girl wants to be liked—to be "popular." I am not. I have friends, to be sure, but I

am not essential to their happiness. They are good to me, but when I am absent from their gatherings I feel that I am not missed. If I only knew how to make myself mean more to them—to make them love me. (Sits sadly with bowed head.)

Angel of Comfort—

O maiden with the tear-dimmed eye,
 Look up! Be of good cheer!
 Let joy now take the place of woe;
 Rejoice, for help is near!
 Two friends have I with treasures rare
 For such as you in store.
 Come, angels of the golden gifts,
 And out your offerings pour!

(Enter two "Gift Angels." Angel of Golden Words steps forward and lays her golden casket on table. At points denoted by * she holds up imaginary gifts.)

Angel of Golden Words—

Angel of Golden Words am I;
 I come to you to-day
 With many a treasure rich and rare
 To help you on your way. [Opens casket.]
 Here is a string of words of love;
 Use them where'er you go.
 The more you use, with so many more
 This chest will overflow.
 Next, words of comfort,* words of cheer,*
 So easy they to give,
 Yet some one they may bless to-day
 And give him strength to live.
 Words of encouragement are these;*
 They are tiny, as you may see,
 But one or two to a weary friend
 The greatest of gifts may be.
 Take now these gifts of golden words
 From a friend whose love is true;
 The more you scatter along your way
 The more will come back to you.

(Angel of Golden Words places casket in hands of Girl, who has risen. Angel of Golden Words steps back. Angel of Golden Deeds steps forward and lays her casket on table. At * she holds up imaginary gifts.)

Angel of Golden Deeds—

Angel of Golden Deeds am I,
And that which I bring to you
Will make new friends for you each day,
And will make old friends more true. [Opens casket.]
Here is a smile;* only try it once
And see with what magic art
It wins its way through a cool reserve
And warms the unfriendliest heart.
Here is a gay and pleasant nod*—
It belongs with the smile, you know;
And here is a handclasp warm and kind;*
You'll find it works wonders too.
Here are golden deeds for the hands to do,*
From the dawn to the set of sun.
Here are golden deeds for the feet as well,*
Loving errands that they may run.
Take now these gifts of golden deeds
From a friend whose love is true;
The more you scatter along your way
The more will come back to you.

(Angel of Golden Deeds places casket in hands of Girl and steps to side of Angel of Golden Words. Angel of Comfort steps forward.)

Angel of Comfort—

You have taken these gifts from these friends so true,
Now use them each day and hour;
These golden words and these golden deeds,
Let them prove to you their power.
Give gladly, give freely, to young and old,
And soon you will come to see
That here lies the secret you longed to know
Of true popularity.

Girl—O Angel of Comfort, how can I ever thank you for the message you have brought to me! And how can I thank you, too [turning

to Gift Angels], for entrusting to me these golden caskets so full of loving words and deeds! I know just where I shall use some of them right away, and I am only too eager to begin.

Accept my thanks for these gifts so rare;
I hasten to scatter them everywhere!

TRUE BEAUTY.

May I find a woman fair
And her mind as clear as air!
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman true!
There is beauty's fairest hue:
There is beauty, love and wit.
Happy he can compass it.

—*Francis Beaumont.*

WHEN JESUS TRAVELED: WHAT HE SAW AND DID

(Luke 8: 22-48)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

SPEAKING CHARACTERS—Peter, James, John, Nicodemus and three other disciples.

COSTUMES—Simple, flowing robes of Oriental effect. All but Nicodemus should wear head-dress of cloth.

SCENE—Room in the house of Nicodemus. Platform arranged simply, with a couch and benches or draped boxes for seats. In the room are seated Nicodemus and at least six other disciples. (The three who do not speak may be women.)

(Unseen singer sings verses 1 and 3 of "Memories of Galilee," by H. R. Palmer ["Hymns of Praise," Hope Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.])

First Disciple—We have come, good Nicodemus, though weary with the duties of the day, to hear if there has been any word of the Master's return.

Nicodemus—No word, my friends, and the time is long since He left us to go into Galilee.

Second Disciple—But we know just what He must be doing—teaching, preaching and healing. Alas! there is so much need of His ministry!

Third Disciple—Would that we could have kept Him here! But we must not be selfish. There are others in other parts of our land who need the touch of His hand and the message which He came to bring.

(A knock is heard.)

Nicodemus—Enter.

(Enter Peter, James and John.)

John—Peace be to this house.

Nicodemus (rising)—And peace to you, O John, our brother. And to you also, Peter and James, our brothers in Christ. [Salutes them.]

We have just been speaking of Galilee and of the Master whom we miss so much. [All rise to greet them.] But where is the Master? Did He not return with you?

James—On our way to Jerusalem we passed through the village of Bethany, and Martha and Mary, and Lazarus, their brother, constrained Him to stop with them. He will come on to-morrow.

Nicodemus—Be seated, good friends. We are eager to hear of the wonderful happenings of His journey through Galilee. (They seat themselves.)

Peter (with animation)—Wonderful indeed! So wonderful that our poor language is not equal to the telling! The miracles—the healings—why, He even brought the dead to life—and the words He spoke!

First Disciple—Tell us about the healings. I am interested in that, because He once healed *me*.

Peter—Of one in particular I can tell you, because it was in my own household. My wife's mother lay ill of a fever. She was sick unto death, yet the Master but touched her hand and the fever left her! Of other healings in Capernaum I can tell, too—of the paralytic who was let down through the roof by friends, so that he could reach Jesus; of the man with the withered hand; of the centurion's servant, whom the Master healed without ever so much as seeing him! Then, there were the blind, whose eyes He touched and they saw; the dumb, whose tongues He loosed; the lame, who were made to walk; the demon-possessed whom He sent away in their right minds. Some of these I had known for years, and I rejoiced with them in the happiness which was theirs.

Second Disciple—“Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!”

Third Disciple—Tell us of His miracles. Did He do many wonderful works there?

James—All His works were wonderful, but some things you would have to see to believe! What think you of five thousand hungry people being fed with five loaves and two fishes? Or of a tempest on our stormy little Sea of Galilee being stilled by a quiet word? Or what would you think of seeing on the storm-tossed waters of the sea the calm figure of the Master, treading the waves as though they were the floor of this room?

All (in chorus)—Wonderful! Wonderful!

Peter—Do not forget to tell of what He wrought for us, His fisherman friends. Once He found us when we had toiled all the night and

had caught nothing. He showed us where to cast our net, and, behold! when we lifted it, so many were the fish that ere ever we could get it into the boat the net brake!

Nicodemus—What a Friend we have in Jesus! But tell us now of some of His words. I can not hear enough of them since He talked to me and showed me the secret of the second birth.

John—Not long after He began His work in Galilee, the Master chose twelve men whom He might instruct in the things of the kingdom and with whom He might share His work. We three, unworthy though we be, were included in the number. On a mountaintop He talked to us; He taught us how to pray; He taught us how to trust; He warned us against false teachers. By the seashore He taught us lessons in parables. Perhaps we did not always understand, but we treasured His words in our hearts, and perhaps some day it will all be clear to us.

James—And how He loved the mountains and the sea! The mountains were His refuge when He was weary, when His heart was torn by the sins and sufferings of the multitudes, and there through prayer He found new strength.

First Disciple—How did the people receive Him?

Peter—The common people received Him gladly, though in Nazareth, His own home town, He was twice rejected. Because He healed on the Sabbath, the rulers took counsel how they might destroy Him.

Second Disciple—But Jehovah careth for His own! And still the Master lives and teaches and preaches and heals, and soon we shall see Him and listen again to His wonderful words of life!

Nicodemus—"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good."

All (in chorus)—"For his mercy endureth for ever."

IS EDUCATION WORTH WHAT IT COSTS? WHY?

(Prov. 3:13-18)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

CHARACTERS.

COLLEGE BOY and COLLEGE GIRL—Each in cap and gown and carrying a diploma.

VOICE OF WISDOM—Speaker hidden by screen at back of stage.

(College Boy and College Girl enter at opposite sides of platform.)

College Boy (waving his diploma)—Congratulations! I have won my diploma! I have finished my education!

College Girl (waving her diploma)—Hooray! The grind is over! No more study, no more exams, no more recitations!

Voice of Wisdom—What did your education cost you?

College Boy (looking around)—Who was that?

College Girl—Why, there's nobody here.

Voice of Wisdom—I am the Voice of Wisdom. What did your education cost you, I ask.

College Boy—Well, since you ask, I may as well answer. I really don't know just what it cost, but I do know that in four years dad paid out a lot of money.

College Girl—So did mine, and I had music and art besides. It surely was very expensive.

Voice of Wisdom—What else did it cost your parents?

College Boy—Why, I don't know—yes, I *do* know that dad has had to cut expenses in various ways during the last four years—things he needed too.

College Girl—Mine too! And mother, poor dear, was wearing the same old coat the last time I was home, and she needed a new dress badly too. Yes, I am sure it has cost them more than the actual money. I never realized—

Voice of Wisdom—And what did your education cost *you*?

College Boy—Why, it cost me time.

College Girl—*Hours* spent in study!

Voice of Wisdom—Hours! When did your education begin, do you think—with college?

College Boy—No, before that there was high school, and before that the grades.

College Girl—And then there was kindergarten too. Why, how many years has it been? Fifteen years, at least!

Voice of Wisdom—And what did it cost in thoughts?

College Boy—Now you're digging down where it hurts! I must confess that I have not always studied as hard as I should, but I can tell you that I have made up for lost time by doing double work. Oh, I have earned my diploma, all right!

College Girl—And I too! But I certainly did have to work hard for some of my credits.

Voice of Wisdom—So your education has cost your parents several thousand dollars and much sacrifice. It has cost you many years of time and much hard work. Now—*will it be worth what it cost?*

College Boy—That is a question! It certainly did cost enough!

College Girl—It ought to be worth *more* than it cost, or it is a poor investment.

College Boy—Say, I never thought this thing out before. Let's count up and see what we can expect our education to gain for us. First, money.

College Girl—Y-e-s, but they say some day laborers earn more than some college professors.

College Boy—But the folks decided to give us an education. All educated men may not make fortunes, and happiness isn't always measured by the bank account. I would rather have a good education and earn a modest living than be a millionaire and know nothing.

College Girl—And there is some chance for a person of education to climb, too. He is better able to take advantage of his opportunities if he has a trained mind.

College Boy—Well, there are friends too. Of course everybody has friends, but education opens the door to contact with the best minds, with men and women of culture and refinement.

College Girl—And think of the value of our training in our appreciation of the best in literature, art and music! Imagine how much poorer our lives would be in future years if we had not gained this background during our school years!

Voice of Wisdom—But all the reasons you have given have been selfish reasons. What good is your education going to do any one else?

College Boy—I believe you are right, my invisible friend; they *have* all been selfish reasons. Now, what gifts for the world do we people of education have to offer?

College Girl—Why, I can think of ever so many! There are books and music and art and the discoveries of men of science and medicine. Why, the leadership of the world is in the hands of the educated! Surely here is the answer to our question: "Is an education worth all it costs?"

College Boy—Yes. I am convinced that an education is well worth all that it costs—if we but make the right use of it. That is the test of its value, both to the individual and to the world. The advice of Solomon is still good advice: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom."

Voice of Wisdom—But Solomon said something else, too, even more important than that: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

College Boy—Yes, and Solomon was right. If our education is based on that foundation, there will be no doubt whatever about the answer to our unseen friend's question: "Is an education worth all it costs?"

College Girl (holding aloft her diploma)—I hereby pledge that, with the help of God, I will hold my education as a priceless gift to be used, not for myself alone, but for the world as well.

College Boy—I, too, will make this pledge. And thus we will prove to the world the value of a *Christian education!*

WHY ARE INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS WORTH WHILE?

(1 Cor. 9:19-23)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

CHARACTERS.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR GIRL.

INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS—Older girl, wearing across breast a band bearing the words "Industrial Missions."

Three girls and two boys, as follows, dressed in costumes suitable to character:

EUGENIO OF BRAZIL—Carries large saw.

JOSEPHINA OF MEXICO—Carries large piece of embroidery or lace.

MARAMBA OF AFRICA—Dark-skinned boy; carries basket of fruits and vegetables.

SALLIE LOU OF THE MOUNTAINS—Carries woven bedspread or rag rug.

WE-WA-NA—Indian maiden; carries Indian baskets.

(Enter Christian Endeavor Girl with an armful of books which she places on table.)

Christian Endeavor Girl—I wish I hadn't promised to make a talk on "Industrial Missions" to-morrow night at Christian Endeavor. I don't know anything about them. Doris and John and Richard all have so much better subjects to talk on: evangelistic, educational and medical missions. But where do industrial missions come in? Oh, dear, I don't know. I'll just have to get busy and read up on it. [Selects book from pile.] I don't imagine it's very important. [Reads a few minutes, then yawns.] I don't seem to be getting anywhere with this. I'm too sleepy to read—any—more. (Lays head back on chair and closes eyes.)

(Enters Industrial Missions. When she speaks, Girl opens eyes and listens.)

Industrial Missions—So you don't know anything about industrial missions, and you think they are not very important anyway. Well,

the reason you think that is because you don't know anything about them. I have come to-day to bring before you a few of my representatives from home and foreign lands. [Enter Eugenio, Josephina, Maramba, Sallie Lou and We-wa-na.] These boys and girls all wanted an education, but they were poor and schooling cost money. They were groping about in the darkness for a helping hand. Their hands touched mine, and lo! the darkness vanished. Their ambitions were realized. I trained their minds, their hands, their hearts, and now they stand before you in the beauty of Christian manhood and womanhood. But you shall hear their story. (Steps back.)

Eugenio of Brazil—I am Eugenio of Brazil, and this saw [holds up saw] won me my education. In the industrial school I learned carpentry. We felled forest trees, sawed them into lumber and then made this lumber into furniture for the houses which we built. By working half the day and going to school the other half I acquired both a trade and an education, and, what is still better, I learned of Jesus, the Saviour of the world. That is what industrial missions have done for me.

Josephina of Mexico—I am Josephina of Mexico. My needle earned me my education. At our school the missionaries taught us to sew—dresses, house linens and beautiful handwork of embroidery and lace. [Holds up handwork.] We learned to cook, too, and, as it grew upon us that all that is best within us is called out by our constant surrender to Jesus Christ, our gratitude to Him knew no bounds. Industrial missions certainly have paid with us.

Maramba of Africa—Maramba is my name, from far-off Africa. Our soil is rich, the climate suited for many and varied crops, but we used the old-time methods of farming. At the mission school they taught us modern methods and new varieties of fruits and vegetables. [Holds up basket.] We learned things of which we had never dreamed before, and as we learned we came to see the presence of the great Creator in all these wonderful processes of nature, and to worship Him as the true and only God who so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son to redeem us from ignorance and sin.

Sallie Lou of the Mountains—My name is Sallie Lou, and my home is in our own land, in the mountains of Tennessee. We girls and boys of the mountains were as hungry for education as any of these friends from foreign lands, and as poor. But there was one thing we could do, and do well, and that was weaving. [Holds up sample.] It was this homely art which industrial Christian missions used to help us mountain folk to help ourselves, furnishing better equipment for our

work, teaching us how to improve our designs and originate new ones, and providing a market for our finished product. Meanwhile we younger folk have learned that it is the religion of Jesus Christ that is back of this good work. We go back to our mountain homes to teach our brothers and sisters every good thing we have learned. Do industrial missions pay? We answer "Yes."

We-wa-na, Indian Maiden—From the far West come I, We-wa-na, the Indian maiden. My story is much like that of my mountain sister. The work of our hands is basketry. [Holds up baskets.] At the mission school we combine the study of the white man's books with the basket-making which has made our people famous, and as we study we learn from our beloved teachers the knowledge of the white man's God, who loves all races and colors. This is what industrial missions have done for us.

Industrial Missions (addresses Girl)—These are only a few of my many children who owe their education—yes, their very souls' salvation—to industrial missions. Once more I ask you: "Is it worth while? Do industrial missions pay?" We leave you this to dream over, but we feel sure that your heart will help you to find the right answer. (Exit Industrial Missions and five representatives.)

Girl (sitting up and rubbing eyes)—Why, I believe I have been asleep, and I had the strangest dream, all about industrial Christian missions and the people they have helped—the most wonderful story! I can scarcely wait [rising] to tell my Christian Endeavor friends all about it, and I think they will agree with me that the more we can do to help industrial missions the sooner will come that glorious time, "the time that shall surely be, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea."

OUR CRUSADE PLANS

(Ex. 33: 12-15)

By EDNA LaMOORE WALDO

CHARACTERS.

AVIS CHRISTIE—President of the C. E.

RUTH GRAVES—The secretary.

CHARLES WHITSON

JACK GREENLEAF

EVELYN PORTER

} Members of the committee.

SCENE—An ordinary church parlor or committee-room. A table and some chairs.

TIME—An evening early in September.

(Avis and Ruth enter together, carrying Bibles and note-books. By the time their wraps are off the boys have arrived. A few moments later Evelyn rushes in, breathless and carrying a tennis racket.)

Jack—It's about time you appeared. I wouldn't mind coming to these committee meetings if everybody was on time.

Avis—Well, let's save everybody's time by getting right down to business. I think we all have a fairly good idea of what we want to do. The regular program is all mapped out for us; we want to decide on any special activities, our membership campaign, social affairs, etc. Sort of a general outline of the year, so that we'll all know what is ahead and can plan for it.

Evelyn—Well, I hope we have more parties and that somebody plans them who will have some pep. Now that school has started and there are so many new students in both the high school and college, we ought to be getting some new members and having better crowds at the meetings. And, say what you will, you've got to throw in a party every so often in order to attract some people.

Jack—That's right. I move we have some sort of a social affair every month, with some honest-to-goodness eats that the fellows will like. That last time last spring all the girls were so busy they just threw things together and there was no class to it at all.

Evelyn—And let's have real pretty decorations every time, and I'll get Mary Otte to help with posters; she's the cleverest thing. And we want to do more advertising—let everybody know what we're doing.

Ruth (thoughtfully)—What *are* we doing?

(They all look uncomfortably at each other and no one speaks until she goes on.)

Ruth—I wonder sometimes if we remember what we are supposed to be doing. I like parties as well as any one, but I'll admit that some of those we have had left much to be desired. There's plenty of room for improvement there. We need them. But *is that all?*

Avis—I know what you mean, Ruth. The meetings ought to be improved. We can have more special music and some extra talks by different people. Then we need to have more of the members taking part. Not just that same few, with the rest sitting back all the time.

Charles—I think Ruth means more than that, Avis. I have felt it myself. We are a Christian Endeavor society, and, while there is probably, with due allowance for a few shirkers, plenty of endeavor, I am not so sure that it's Christian endeavor.

Avis (in a shocked tone)—Why, Charles!

Ruth—Don't misunderstand us, Avis dear. We'd have more taking part and more real interest if we could in some way make the meetings of more vital spiritual value.

Avis—But how would you do it?

Ruth—We won't get any more out of it, and none of the members, especially the strangers, the newcomers, will either, unless we put more into it. You know yourself how casual our preparation usually is, how lightly we discuss—if we take time to discuss—the lesson topics.

Charles—And I think that in getting members we need more of the personal touch. You yourselves saw last year that, while a lot of new folks came to our parties, very few appeared at the next Sunday night meeting. Did we go and get them? Did we say anything about the real purpose of our meetings, or was it just a matter of another guest at a party?

Jack—I guess you're right. But I wouldn't know how to go about anything like that.

Evelyn—Nor I. I've thought lots of times, silly as I know you think I am, that there was something missing, something that ought to be there.

Ruth—I can't tell you just exactly what to do, and how and when to do it. But we have one good way to find out. I was reading, just

before I came over here, the Bible references for our first meeting. Suppose we look up these references and see if there isn't a suggestion.

Avis (turning pages)—This is where we ought to look for help, of course. I'm afraid we had forgotten that.

Ruth (reading)—Here's the thirteenth verse of Exodus 33. Listen. "Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found favor in thy sight, show me now thy ways, that I may know thee, that I may find favor in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people."

Avis (going on)—"And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." That's a promise, isn't it? We haven't always remembered that our crusade is a "crusade *with* Christ," have we?

Charles (reading)—"For wherein now shall it be known that I have found favor in thy sight, I and thy people?"

Ruth—That's a question we needed too. We can't influence others until we have learned His way ourselves. I think this committee ought to take that verse, "Show me thy way," as our motto for the year.

Avis—And I've found another thing, just before the reference for the evening. We were wondering how to meet our new members and prospects. The eleventh verse says: "And the Lord spake unto Moses *face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.*" Isn't that the way we must use?

Charles (simply)—Let's pray that He will show us His way, and that through it we may help to make our little group what He wants it to be.

Ruth (reaching for Evelyn's hand)—Complete the circle. [They bow heads and stand silently for a moment and Ruth goes on.] Lord, we do pray, "Show us thy way." Amen.

(They pass out quietly, or, if a curtain is possible, it may descend upon the little tableau above.)

HOW INCREASE OUR MEMBERSHIP?

(Acts 2: 42-47)

By EDNA LaMOORE WALDO

CHARACTERS.

JOYCE MARSHALL—The leader of the evening.

| | |
|--------------|------------|
| JAMES STONE | } Members. |
| ELSIE BENSON | |
| MARY COX | |
| EVAN WILSON | |

SCENE—The Christian Endeavor room, a few moments before meeting-time.

Elsie—Joyce, don't you dare ask me to say anything about membership!

Joyce—Why not? Aren't you the chairman of that committee? Aren't we all trying to think up ways and means of getting more members? And isn't this the time and place?

James—Hear! hear!

Elsie—But I don't know much about it yet. I haven't had time to think it up. If there were any references or anything—

Mary—There you go again, wanting references. Honestly, folks, she's that way all the time at school—wants everything ready-made.

Joyce (in mock severity)—Of course, Elsie, you've studied the Christian Endeavor lesson for to-night?

Elsie—Well, sort of.

Evan—Sort of; that's the way most of us do. Of course Joyce has; she's the leader.

Joyce—Yes, I have, and while I don't like to get ahead of my story and give Elsie the chapter and verse that she demands, I don't suppose it will hurt her to hear it twice.

Mary—Won't hurt any of us. We might be semi-intelligent by the time the rest come, Joyce.

Joyce—All right. When I first read it over (it's Acts 2:42-47, Elsie), it didn't sound very helpful to me. Then I began to analyze it, the way we do at school, looking for what Professor Taylor calls

keywords. And there they were! I don't want to tell you all of them, Elsie; see if you can't find some of them.

James—Just like a crossword puzzle, Elsie, only this time you emerge with something learned!

Elsie—Well, there's "fellowship." That's a good word to tie to.

Joyce—Excellent! And I added to it "stedfast." We have, and ought to have, in our Christian Endeavor much good fellowship. In order to make the organization prosper and thus be attractive to new members, I think it should be the lasting kind, stedfast fellowship.

Mary—There should be hospitable fellowship, too, Joyce. The early Christians had that, and so do we. It is mentioned in verse 42. That means, I think, an occasional time of eating and rejoicing together.

Evan—No better way of getting boy members, if you ask me

Joyce—And, in addition to all good fellowship and the breaking of bread at the Lord's table, don't forget the prayers. Sometimes we do. That verse says they continued "stedfastly" in four different things—"the apostles' doctrine," "fellowship," "breaking of bread" and "prayers." All of these are important.

James—This is getting interesting. I've found another word that is a big one, Joyce. I wonder if you'll agree. It's "together."

Joyce—Yes, all that believed were together. They thought and worked and played together, and so must we. That would take care of little quarrels and the matter of teamwork, and all that, wouldn't it?

Mary—Add to it "with one accord." (All nod agreement.)

Elsie—They broke bread from house to house, too, didn't they? That's where the hospitality comes in. We can get people interested and keep them that way by having our committee meetings and our parties at the homes of the members, not leaving anybody out and taking what each place can afford to offer us. See how bright I am!

Joyce—It's almost time to begin, and here we have almost covered the lesson. But, before I gather up my papers, notice one more keyword, "gladness." Aren't you glad, Elsie, to be on the membership committee? And you, Mary, on the entertainment? And aren't you all glad you belong to Christian Endeavor?

Elsie—I should say so! And just one last word: I'm entitled to that, for I stood so much teasing at first. There is that other good phrase, "singleness of heart," to think about.

Joyce (rising)—And it ends most satisfactorily with the words: "Praising God, and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." (Others rise and follow her to front of room or out.)

HOW IMPROVE OUR ORGANIZATION AND TEAMWORK

(Acts 6: 1-7)

By EDNA LaMOORE WALDO

CHARACTERS.

GWEN MATHEWS—President of Christian Endeavor society.

MISS WILLIAMS—An older leader.

DOROTHY.

MILDRED.

LAURA.

The home of Miss Williams; an ordinary living-room or library which may be furnished as simply or as elaborately as time and space permit. A month elapses between Scenes I. and II.

SCENE I.

(Miss Williams is discovered reading, if there is a curtain; otherwise she may come in, carrying her book, and be seated. After an interval, she answers a knock at the door and returns, followed by Gwen, who looks much discouraged.)

Miss Williams—But whatever is the matter, my dear? I thought everything was going just fine.

Gwen—So did I! I made every plan that I could think of, and told everybody what to do, down to the very smallest detail, and still I have to look after it all myself. I am just about worn out with all that, and school besides. I want our society to accomplish something this year, but I can't do it all myself!

Miss Williams (quietly)—Then, why try, Gwen?

Gwen (surprised)—Well, who will if I don't?

Miss Williams—I think perhaps that is just it, dear. Maybe you have been trying to carry too much of the burden. It isn't quite fair to the others. Haven't you appointed committees for all the regular activities?

Gwen—Why, yes. But—

Miss Williams—If I were you, I would just leave things a little more to the committees. Choose good chairmen and then leave them alone to work out plans.

Gwen—But how do I know everything will come out all right?

Miss Williams—You can't be quite sure, but otherwise the other members will never get a chance to grow or develop. Just before a program or party, why not call your chairman and ask her if she has everything planned and offer to help, if she needs you? If she says that things are all right, then, my dear, just breathe easily and wait. You can't carry the world on your shoulders, you know.

Gwen—But I feel so responsible.

Miss Williams (going over to her and putting her arm about her shoulders)—Of course you do, dear; that's part of *you*. But think what a football team would be if the captain tried to do it all himself!

Gwen (looking up in surprise)—Have I been like that. *Miss Williams*, trying to "star," as they say?

Miss Williams—I am afraid you have, just a bit, dear—not for the purpose of "starring," as you put it, but because you do feel so responsible for everything. Just let the others work things out to suit themselves; they may not do things your way or mine, but they will be learning all the time. Offer kind suggestions when you start them out, or if they ask, but let them alone after that. *They* must feel responsible, too, and they won't if they think: "Oh, *Gwen* will do it at the last minute, anyhow."

Gwen (seriously)—We haven't had good teamwork, have we? I guess I hadn't thought about that. I hadn't seen that side of it at all, *Miss Williams*. Now I realize why *Dorothy* and *Mildred* have acted so queer lately; I suppose they want to do things themselves. Oh, I'll change everything, *Miss Williams*! I just hadn't understood about teamwork! (She rises and starts toward door, accompanied by *Miss Williams*.)

Miss Williams—I know things will go better, dear, and you come back a month from now and tell me all about it. [*Gwen* leaves.] Poor child, I didn't quite know how she would take that—but it's going to be all right, I am sure. The others were getting a little resentful of it. *Gwen* is so capable, and, as she says, feels her responsibility so keenly, that she was cheating all the rest out of their work and worry and play.

(Curtain, or she may simply walk off platform in opposite direction from *Gwen*'s exit.)

SCENE II.—A MONTH LATER.

(Enter Miss Williams, followed by Gwen, who carries bundle of posters, favors, clippings, etc. Gwen is laughing and full of enthusiasm.)

Gwen—You just can't imagine how surprised I was, Miss Williams, to find out what wonderful folks we have in our society! Some of them never had done a thing before, but, when they found that it was up to them to do or die, they certainly *did*!

Miss Williams—I am so glad, dear. I have heard so much about what good luck you were having, and I have wanted to come and see for myself. But I waited, to be sure you were ready for me.

Gwen—Well, we had a party Friday night, and so I called Dorothy and told her I wanted to be surprised—didn't want to know a thing till it was all ready—and that I knew it would be something scrumptious. And it was! We had the darlindest decorations, and as for eats, even the boys got enough for once. Peppy games and not a thing overlooked. Dorothy got some new girls to help her.

Miss Williams—You see what a good chairman Dorothy is! How about Mildred?

Gwen—Oh, she has been making a poster for each of our meetings. See! aren't they attractive? She's going in for commercial art, you know. One of these she had that Japanese boy make. I never dreamed he'd be so artistic. And Jack White has been looking after publicity in the papers and the church bulletin. See what a nice bunch of clippings we have already! I used to do that myself, but since Jack got on the school paper he knows just what to do.

Miss Williams—You certainly have tangible results, at least. But how about attendance and membership?

Gwen (slowly)—I found out, Miss Williams, that some of the girls had been staying away because I was "bossy"—that's what Dorothy told me after the party. Then they began coming back, and the last two meetings we have had a record crowd, with a few new ones. Each of the old members has brought in a visitor or two, and we have several from out of town. We're going to have two teams to see who can get the most members; won't that be a good idea? That way every one will have a part, and it won't be Gwen's or Dorothy's or any one person's work.

(Knock at door. Enter, laughing and talking, Dorothy, Mildred and Laura.)

Dorothy—Excuse us for bursting right in, Miss Williams. We saw Gwen come in, so we knew you were here. We have some of the dandiest ideas, and we wanted to see Gwen about them before we start. I've got this big book, Gwen [shows a large scrap-book], in which I am going to keep an account of all our programs and parties, with color schemes, eats, favors and everything, so we won't duplicate.

Mildred—And we're going to have better music. This is Laura Watt, Miss Williams; she has just moved here. She sings and plays, and she and I are hoping we can get up a C. E. orchestra, if Gwen thinks it is all right. We want to get busy right away. (Miss Williams shakes hands with Laura.)

Gwen—See what a busy crowd we are, Miss Williams? I was getting too selfish about all this work [laughing], and now that we have divided it up more, we are all finding it's play, not work at all. Aren't we, girls?

(Mildred and Dorothy seize her arms, the latter extending her other hand to Laura.)

Mildred—Oh, when we need a boss, you'll still be there, Gwen. But we've found out that teamwork gets results!

“For it ain't the individual or the C. E. as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul!”

(Exeunt laughing. Miss Williams follows.)

HOW WOULD I SPEND A MILLION DOLLARS ON MISSIONS?

(Luke 10: 25-37)

(Playlet based on the text, not the topic.)

By EDNA LaMOORE WALDO

SCENE—A street. Any platform or clear space at front of room will do nicely.

CHARACTERS.

A CERTAIN LAWYER.

HIS FRIEND.

LEVITE.

GOOD SAMARITAN.

TRAVELER.

PRIEST.

THREE ROBBERS.

Some of these parts may be taken by girls, if necessary, because of the robes which will be worn. *See below for costume details.* Choose thieves with discretion, and rehearse often enough so that Good Samaritan parts can be done impressively, and not in a spirit of play.

Needless to say, the two speakers must have good voices and render their lines with good expression. Pantomime only required of the others.

COSTUMES.

LAWYER, FRIEND AND TRAVELER—Rich colors. Bathrobes may be used for foundation tunic, with loose cloak draped about shoulders. Stripes running down back and front would be good. Couch covers or drapery materials are good. Occasionally costumes may be borrowed from lodges. If feet show, use sandals or hose only, no modern shoes. Draped turban, without piece over back of neck, as these are men of rank.

THIEVES—Short tunics of sacking or dark, rough material; army blankets may be used, if nothing else is available. Square of dark cloth wound about heads and extending over necks in back. Clubs.

PRIEST—Robe of blue preferred, rich-looking material. Same pattern as lawyer.

LEVITE—White or light-colored robe.

SAMARITAN—Richly dressed in colors; should be sure to have the traveling-cloak over tunic.

If there are choir robes, they will make good foundations.

(A Certain Lawyer is pacing back and forth, head down, hands behind him, seemingly lost in thought. After a moment a Friend joins him, and they converse at right of platform.)

Friend—What troubleth thee, friend? For it is easy to see that thou art in meditation.

Lawyer—Hast thou heard of the Nazarene, He that teacheth through the country round about?

Friend—Yea; a dangerous man. Crowds flock to hear Him; even the rich and the mighty seem to heed His words.

Lawyer—I, too, have heard Him. I listened to His preaching—and almost believed in His strange doctrines. I must needs question Him, however, and I asked concerning this eternal life of which He spake. He referred me to the law, for he is ever punctilious with that which has been written, and I read it out for him, even as it has been put down.

Friend—Yea, I recall: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Lawyer (continues to pace up and down; Friend watches him anxiously)—I wished to hear Him concerning that last admonition. *Thou* art my neighbor, friend; that I acknowledge gladly. But what of the rabble—the poor, the lame, the blind—all the motley crowd which follows this Leader so eagerly? He would have it that all, all are the neighbors of which the law speaketh. How can that be? And I inquired of Him: "Who is my neighbor?"

Friend—And what saith He?

Lawyer—He made answer by telling one of the strange tales for which He has become so famous. He has a wondrous gift of speech, and, even as I heard Him, I felt I could see the scene of which He told. Now, even as I recall it for thee, it lives before my eyes. Mayhap thou, too, canst see as I tell it thee. For, at the time, it seemed to answer my question. At the time I, too, believed. Now, when I look once more upon the rabble, I do not know.

Friend—Tell me the tale, friend. I would hear, would see, if that may be.

(As the Lawyer slowly repeats the story of the good Samaritan the people of the story enter as noiselessly as possible, and go through the action. They must occupy the far left side of the platform and pay no attention to the Lawyer or his Friend. The latter must stand partly facing them, so that he can see.)

Lawyer—This was His story: “A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho [man enters, walking slowly] and fell among thieves [they steal up behind him, throwing him to the ground and binding him; take bundle from him; push him roughly to one side—that nearest two speakers—and depart], which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest [he enters at far side of platform, hands folded, eyes on ground; passes near prostrate man, looks at him carelessly, draws his robe about him and goes out; he must appear to avoid man on ground as much as space limitations will permit] that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite [repeat above action, save that Levite bends down to look at man], when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him [Samaritan enters, sees man and at once comes close, lifts him up for a drink, arranges his garments and assists him to rise] and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast [Samaritan half leads, half carries, man from platform], and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, ‘Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.’ And when the Nazarene had done speaking [slowly], He asked: ‘Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?’ ”

Friend—What didst thou reply?

Lawyer—There could be but one answer: “He that showed mercy on him.”

Friend—Yea. And it was a Samaritan who had compassion—our neighbor.

Lawyer—There was one word more. “Go,” said the Teacher, “and do thou likewise.”

Friend (thoughtfully)—Go, and do thou likewise. Come, friend, and let us journey on. It is a new thought that, among this rabble all

about us, *all* are neighbors, and that not only this strange, wise Teacher, but the law itself, requires us to minister unto them! Yea, we must heed the command, we and all who come after us. We must go into all the world and do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. (Exit slowly.)

HOW MAY WE HELP FOLKS IN OUR COMMUNITY?

(Jas. 1:27)

By ESTHER C. AVERILL

SETTING—There needs to be no special setting for this playlet.

(Endeavor society sings “Master, No Offering Costly and Sweet,” verses 1-4. Need enters the platform from the right as the last verse is being sung. She wears a long, black, symbolic robe.)

Need—I heard the sweet strains of your music and I have come in answer to your song. I am Need, and, since you have pledged yourselves ready to serve Him, I have come to show you the way.

Girl (from audience)—We would serve Jesus truly, yet we can not go into all the world and preach the gospel. Is there a way that we can help His suffering children here at home?

Need—I do not only dwell on far-off foreign shores. Need is everywhere—in city, town and country. America houses millions of burdened souls who are waiting for a friend to help and cheer them.

Boy (from audience)—Show us the need in our own community, so that we may straightway go out and help!

Need—First you have sickness that should be cured. Jesus Christ “himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.” If you would serve Him, you will care for His suffering children as He did.

(As Need is speaking, Sickness enters from the right. She walks with a pair of crutches. Stands in the rear.)

Need—You have widows with you who must be cared for. Remember that the Bible charges you to visit the widows.

(A widow dressed in black joins Sickness in the rear of the platform.)

Need—Death visits your community and takes away parents from tiny children. The Lord asks that you father these fatherless ones.

(A little child joins the other characters in the rear.)

Need—There are people, who made your childhood joyous, who are now old and in distress. The Psalmist felt their need when he sang: “When I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not.”

(An old man joins the other characters.)

Need—Strangers come to all parts of our land who need help if they are to succeed in their new homeland. Paul said of them: “Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.”

(A girl dressed in a foreign costume joins the others.)

Need—You have poverty among you. If you give aid unto the poor, you help the One who said: “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.”

(A man clothed in rags takes his place with the other characters.)

Need—The uninformed have to be taught, and the story of Jesus must be told to many who have never heard it. Again Paul writes to Timothy: “These things teach and exhort.”

(A man humbly dressed joins the others.)

Need—You have the hungry and thirsty to be filled. Remember He said: “Whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name . . . he shall not lose his reward.”

(A child dressed in rags joins the others.)

Need—Finally you have the lonely always with you. Have you read: “Forget not to show love unto strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares”?

(A girl simply dressed goes to the rear with the other characters.)

Need—Before you stand those of your own community who are asking for your help. Will you give yourselves in service for them?

(Audience sings “Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.” During the singing the characters stand with outstretched arms, begging aid from the congregation.)

Girl (makes her way from the audience to platform and to the side of *Sickness*)—I pledge myself to nurse the sick and care for the dying!

Second Girl (goes to widow)—I will help to lighten the load of the widows.

First Boy (goes to orphan)—I will give of my means to care for the orphans as my Father in heaven would have me do.

Second Boy (goes to aged man)—I will strive to make the closing days of the aged happier.

Third Girl (goes to foreign girl)—I will be a friend to the stranger in our midst.

Third Boy (goes to poor man)—I will do my part to relieve the suffering of the poor.

Fourth Boy (goes to laborer)—I will teach the uneducated so that they may become enlightened citizens of our land. I will also endeavor to spread the good news of Jesus among the people who never have heard of Him.

Fourth Girl (goes to child)—For Jesus' sake I will feed the hungry and give a cup of cold water to the thirsty.

First Girl—And we would all be friends of those who need us. We will give of ourselves even as Jesus gave of Himself when He was here upon the earth.

(All the young people who have pledged themselves for service join in singing "I Would Be True.")

Need—"For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

First Boy (to audience)—Now, how many of *you* will join with us in the service of those who need our love and care?

(Audience stands and sings first stanza of "Lead On, O King Eternal." All hymns are found in "Hymnal for American Youth.")

MARKS OF A GOOD CITIZEN

(Jas. 2:1-17)

By ESTHER C. AVERILL

THEME—"Marks of a Good Citizen."

TIME—The present.

PLACE—A schoolroom.

CHARACTERS—

Viola Allen, a charming young Americanization teacher.

Helene Vandergold, a wealthy society girl.

Concertino Petrucci, a poor, young Italian girl.

SETTING—The platform can easily be made to represent a schoolroom with several classroom chairs scattered about, the teacher's desk and chair at one side, and a large blackboard in the rear. On the board is written in large letters: "*All men are created free and equal.*" Pictures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are on the wall, and an American flag is in a conspicuous place. There is a door leading out of the room.

(When the curtain rises, Viola is seated at her desk. Helene is in a chair beside the desk, talking animatedly.)

Helene (glancing around the room)—I think you're nutty, Viola, wasting your time in this dump trying to Americanize some cheap impossibles.

Viola (nervously)—I thought I might help them to become good citizens if I taught this class, Helene.

Helene—You can't make good citizens out of ignorant foreigners. America for Americans, say I, and let the rest of the world go hang.

Viola (half doubtfully)—But—I always have thought it was the right thing to do this sort of work.

Helene (lightly)—If you mean slum work, that's *passe* now. If you want to stay in our crowd, you'd better cut out hobnobbing with nobodies.

Viola (goes to Helene's side and puts her arm around her)—You know how I love to belong to your smart crowd!

Helene—Then, don't hurt your social standing by cuckoo stunts like this.

Viola—If you dislike this place, what made you come down here?

Helene (powdering her nose)—I came to find a new maid. The one I just had was a Bolshevik with the most rabid ideas of equality.

Viola (goes to the board and tries to erase the words, but they do not disappear)—Has she been getting fresh with you?

Helene (spiritedly)—I'll tell the world she has! Why, yesterday she had the face to ask me if I thought it was patriotic to get caught speeding.

Viola (laughing)—You *are* some little speed-hound, you know.

Helene—Her worst break was when the old man's bootlegger came to the house and she sent him flying.

Viola (returning to her chair)—What did she do that for?

Helene—She said that she knew good Americans did not buy that stuff. The impudent Jane!

Viola (hesitatingly)—But do you think it's just exactly right to break the law the way you do?

Helene (jumping up)—If you're going to preach to me, I'm through with you as my pal. I hate prigs!

Viola (anxiously)—I was just—I don't want to sacrifice your friendship.

Helene (sitting down)—Let's talk about something sensible, then. [Shows her ring.] How do you like my new ring? It cost a thousand bucks.

Viola (gazing at it, fascinated)—It is simply enchanting!

(There is a timid knock at the door.)

Helene (disgusted)—Good night! Here's one of your dumb Dagos. I guess it's time I lit out!

Viola (calls)—Come in! [To *Helene*.] Don't go. I'll dispose of her quickly. (*Concertino* enters the room shyly and stands near the door.)

Concertino—I beg your pardon, Miss Viola, but I have a question which I wish to ask of you.

Helene (gasps)—My maid! *Concertino* Petrucci!

Viola (surprised)—So *Concertino* was the maid you were speaking about!

Concertino—I *was* maid for Miss *Helene*, but I shall be no longer.

Helene (angrily)—I'm glad you realize that you were fired.

Concertino (to Helene)—I could not work for you longer anyway, because—you are not—a good citizen!

Viola (hastily)—*Concertino*, you must not speak disrespectfully to my friend. That is bad manners, you know.

Concertino (thoughtfully)—She is the one with the bad manners. She breaks the laws and then she—laughs.

Helene (facing *Concertino* angrily)—You get out of here, you dirty alien red!

Concertino (calmly ignoring *Helene*, she turns to *Viola*)—May I ask you my question before I go?

Viola (sternly)—You may, but please be brief!

Concertino (seriously)—Are the Americans exempt from the royal law?

Viola (questioningly)—The royal law? I never heard of it.

Helene (spitefully)—We don't have royalty in *our* country!

Concertino (sadly)—I guess you don't even know the Ruler who made this law!

Viola (interested)—What was this King's name?

Concertino (simply)—Jesus Christ!

Helene (uneasy)—Prating her ignorant superstition!

Viola (moved)—In childhood I was trained to honor that name. What is His royal law?

Concertino (dramatically)—“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

Viola—Why do you ask if Americans are exempt from this law?

Concertino—Because I tried to love Miss *Helene* and help her to be a good citizen, and she called me an alien red for doing it.

Helene (hotly)—She ought to be deported for such talk.

Viola (soberly)—I'm afraid she is right and you are wrong, *Helene*. Let's be fair to her and to ourselves.

Helene (very angry)—If you are going to fall for such rot, I'm done with you for good!

Viola (grasping *Helene's* arm)—I don't want to lose you for a friend.

Helene (tragically)—Choose between your scum here and me!

Concertino (going to the door)—Don't let me make trouble. I'll go away.

Viola (detaining *Concertino*)—Jesus Christ said to love our neighbors as ourselves, but I'm afraid I have been loving only the rich and influential ones.

Helene (hurrying to the door)—As long as you have found a new friend that you like better than me, it's time I went.

Viola (thoughtfully)—If you are bound to look at it that way, I can't help it. I teach Americanization. Concertino has the marks of a good citizen.

Concertino (surprised)—What are my marks of a good citizen?

Viola—You respect and obey the law, and you try to love your neighbor as yourself.

Helene—You'll be sorry that you gave up my social support so easily.

Viola (earnestly)—I'm only sorry that I have been blind to life's true values for so long.

Concertino (happily)—I'm so glad there are true Americans who follow Christ's royal law!

(As the curtain is drawn Helene leaves the room, while Viola puts her arm around Concertino.)

CHRISTIANS AND SUNDAY

(Matt. 12:1-8)

By ESTHER C. AVERILL

SETTING—The platform should be bare, except for a low, wooden bench at the left and a stand holding an open Bible at the right.

MUSIC—All music may be found in "Hymns for American Youth."

(All except the platform lights are lowered.)

Choir—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," stanza 2.

(As the song is being sung three girls dressed in white angel robes enter from the side, and, going to the center of the platform, they kneel and raise their arms to heaven in an attitude of prayer. At the conclusion of the song they arise.)

First Angel—(Reads from the Bible Gen. 2:1-3. Angels stand, listening.)

Second Angel—Let us draw aside the curtain of time and see how the children of Israel kept the Sabbath in the time of Moses.

(The angels go to the right and watch the scenes pictured before them.)

Choir—"Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness," stanza 1.

(Two Palestinian men and a woman enter. The men come first and seat themselves on the bench. The woman stands in the rear.)

First Man—You are most welcome, O stranger, to sojourn with us the Sabbath day.

Second Man—I thank thee for thy kind words and will gladly rest from my journey until the rising of the morrow's sun.

Woman (to first man)—Master, the food which was prepared yesterday for this day's use has been eaten by the servants of thy guest, and there is none left for you and for him.

Second Man (jumps up)—Let me go into the field and gather some grain, so that thou wilt not hunger because of my servants.

First Man—Stay, stranger; in this place is the word of God concerning the Sabbath observed. Since the food is spent, we will fast until the morrow.

Second Man—Thy words are heeded, and most thankful am I to obey the divine law.

Choir—"Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness," stanza 2. (Characters leave.)

Second Angel—What saith God's word concerning the Sabbath?

First Angel—(Reads Ex. 20:8-11.)

Third Angel—Now let us turn ahead the pages of history and see what befalls upon the Sabbath of Jesus Christ.

Choir—"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," stanza 2.

(A Palestinian man and woman enter. The man's face is shining with gladness. He shows his hand to the woman.)

Man—Dear wife, gaze upon this my hand that was withered and is now healed.

Woman (joyfully)—My heart is filled with gladness at the sight. But, my husband, how has such a miracle been wrought?

Man—There was one called Jesus, who, seeing my infirmity, told me to stretch forth my hand, and, when I did as He commanded, immediately my hand was made whole.

Woman—What said the priests because He worked this wondrous cure on the Sabbath day?

Man—They were sore wrought and were filled with madness.

Third Angel—What saith the Scriptures about the Sabbath of Jesus?

First Angel—"The Son of man is Lord even of the sabbath day."

Third Angel—Let us look still further into the progress of the world and witness the observance of the world's greatest birthday.

Choir—"When Morning Gilds the Sky," stanza 2.

(A Puritan man, woman and child enter. They are dressed for out of doors. The man carries a gun and the woman a Bible.)

Child (skips gaily across the platform)—This surely is a beautiful day. It fills me with joy.

Father (sternly)—Child, take thought unto thy action. Remember this is the Sabbath day.

Child—Why should I not skip and laugh and play on the Sabbath? Is there anything wrong in play?

Mother—This is the day holy unto God. On this day we must conduct our thoughts and actions in ways of reverence and holiness.

Choir—"Faith of Our Fathers," stanza 1. (Characters leave.)

Third Angel—I am anxious to see what takes place in the twentieth century.

Choir—"Courage, Brother, Do Not Stumble," stanza 1.

(A girl and a boy, carrying tennis rackets, enter platform.)

Girl—That was some hot tennis match, I'll tell the world. Now, let's make it a day with an evening at the talkies!

Boy (hesitatingly)—But—this is—Sunday!

Girl—What of it? Wasn't Sunday made so that we might have fun on one day of the week?

Boy (uncertain)—It doesn't seem just right to play all day on the day set apart for worship. But whatever you say goes with me!

Choir—"Yield Not to Temptation," stanza 1. (Characters leave.)

Second Angel—What saith His word about assembling?

First Angel—"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another."

Second Angel (mournfully)—It often now appears that the world's greatest birthday is forgotten.

Third Angel—Let us gaze ahead once more and see the future day of dedication to God.

Choir—"Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day," stanza 1.

(A group of young people enter, singing with the choir.)

Boy—Well, folks, what's the program to-day?

Girl—Have you forgotten that this is the Lord's Day? It is the day we fill with worship of God, service for His children and healing rest.

Second Girl—It is the happiest day of the week.

Choir—"I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord." (Characters leave.)

Second Angel—What does the Book say about this day?

First Angel—(Reads Luke 24:1, 2.)

Second Angel—What is said of Christ's being supreme?

First Angel—It is written: "He is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

Third Angel—Did the early Christians observe this day?

First Angel—"Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them."

Choir—"Holy, Holy, Holy."

MAKING AMERICA CHRISTIAN

(Mark 5: 1-20)

By ESTHER C. AVERILL

SETTING—The platform should be draped with bunting and American flags. A richly covered throne is in the center.

All songs may be found in "Hymns for American Youth."

(The audience stands and sings "The Star-Spangled Banner," stanza 1. As the song is being sung, America enters from the rear and makes her way slowly to the platform. She wears a regular America costume. At the close of the song America takes her seat upon the throne.)

A Male Voice Sings—"Soldiers of Christ, Arise," stanzas 1 and 2.

(During the singing of the song a youth dressed as a knight of old enters from the rear and goes to the platform.)

Knight (kneeling before America)—I am the Youth of America. I come at this time to offer allegiance to you before I set out on my search for the Holy Grail.

America—Brave subjects such as you fill me with pride and power. But tell me what is this Holy Grail that thou seekest?

Youth—I seek Christianity, that I may bring her to make her abode even with you.

America—Most happy would I be to have this wondrous companion, but let me warn you that, before you are able to bring Christianity to me, you will be compelled to fight many a hard battle with my enemies.

Youth (jumps up and unsheathes his sword)—Name these enemies, that I may go forth and slay them at once, so that Christianity may soon come victoriously to dwell with you.

America—My enemies are called race prejudice, lawlessness, love of wealth, unclean politics and oppression of the poor.

Youth—Now that I know the names of thine enemies, O America, they shall surely die!

America—As you go forth on this quest for my honor I would give you my blessings, O Youth of America.

Youth (lays his sword at the feet of America)—I lay my sword at thy feet in token of my loving allegiance to you.

America (rises)—“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

Audience Sings—“Onward, Christian Soldiers,” stanza 1.

(The Youth marches out of the auditorium.)

America—Thus has the Youth of America gone forth to slay our enemies and to bring Christianity to dwell in our midst. In the heart of America is a fervent prayer that this Youth may return victorious, for, unless Christianity comes soon to us, we will surely fall from our high station. At this time let every true American pray for the success of the Youth of America in his noble quest.

(America bows her head. There is a moment of silent prayer. A voice is heard singing “God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.”)

America—Now let us gaze into the future and see what success must crown the quest of the Youth of America.

Audience Sings—“Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory,” stanza 1.

(Youth enters from the rear and goes to the foot of America’s throne. His costume is awry and soiled, and he walks as if weary. He carries five banners on which are the words “Race Prejudice,” “Lawlessness,” “Love of Wealth,” “Unclean Politics” and “Oppression of the Poor.” He lays these flags at the feet of America.)

Youth—I have fought the powers of evil until my strength was well-nigh spent. But the prayers of the holy were heeded, and God in His great goodness upheld my hand, until one by one the enemies of America fell before my sword of righteousness.

America (stepping forward)—Welcome home, beloved victor.

Youth (pointing to the banners)—These banners are the symbols of thy fallen enemies.

America (places her hand on Youth’s shoulder)—Brave Youth, this day thou hast given to America the greatest victory that has ever been hers. The battle against these enemies was more fierce than any other that we have had to face, and now the Youth of America has brought as a gift to his country this greatest victory of all time.

Youth—I have succeeded in my quest for the Holy Grail. I have been allowed the supreme privilege of bringing Christianity to dwell with my beloved America.

A Voice Sings—"America," stanzas 1 and 4.

(While the song is being sung *Youth* goes to the right of the platform and brings Christianity forth. He leads her to the foot of the throne of America. America welcomes Christianity. Christianity is robed in white.)

America—Welcome to the heart of America, Christianity. Sorely have I needed thee in my land, and most happy am I at last to have you with me.

Christianity—I, too, have longed for the day when I might come and dwell in safety and happiness with you; but until this hour the enemies which kept us asunder were too strong to be overcome, and I could not reach you. In this time of need God raised up this *Youth* to slay the enemies of America and of Christianity. Thus was my way to you made easy. Blessed be the *Youth* of America.

America—Blessed indeed be the *Youth* of America for his deed of chivalry.

Youth—I thank thee both for thy appreciation and praise.

America (to *Christianity*)—And now, O *Christianity*, come and sit with me upon my throne, and help me in guiding the affairs of state.

(*Christianity* solemnly takes her seat beside *America* on the throne. The audience stands.)

Christianity—This act of thine, O *America*, in sharing thy throne with *Christianity* brings God's kingdom very near to earth.

Youth (kneels at the foot of the throne)—I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. [Pause.] "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

Audience Sings—"Oh Beautiful for Spacious Skies," verses 1-4.

WHY SUPPORT THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT? HOW?

(Prov. 20:1; 23:29-32)

By GEORGIA LYONS UNVERZAGT

CHARACTERS.

READER.

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT.

MOTHERHOOD.

HIDDEN CHORUS.

INTEMPERANCE.

COSTUMES.

MOTHERHOOD wears a long, white robe.

INTEMPERANCE wears a dark robe with a dark scarf around his head. He should be made up to look as unattractive as possible.

EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT may wear any kind of a flowing robe and a placard that bears his name.

PROPERTIES.

Four blocks about ten inches square. These may be made from cardboard. They bear the following words: "Physical Welfare," "Mental Welfare," "Spiritual Welfare," "Social Welfare."

SCENE—A room in the center of which is a table.

Reader (before the curtain is lifted)—For about a decade the United States has been trying to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. Many who desire to be known as law-abiding citizens and who would not think of robbing their neighbors or of committing murder or of setting fire to a public building evade their responsibility in upholding the nation's law of prohibition and even break the law themselves. They seem to have no conscience in the matter.

Motherhood (sitting at table; she places the block which bears the words "Physical Welfare" in the center of the table)—I will build the life of my son as I would have it grow, and the foundation of the life of this babe shall be a sound, strong physical body. The body is the temple of the spirit, therefore he must keep it clean, have wholesome food, fresh air and sunlight, and do all things to make it strong.

(Intemperance appears from the right.)

Intemperance—You spend many hours, my good woman, in planning the life of your babe, but do you realize that in a much shorter time than you have spent I can break down the physical strength that you have built? I can—

Motherhood (rising and interrupting)—Away, begone, evil spirit! I will not listen to you! (*Intemperance* exits left.)

(Chorus sings one stanza of “Yield Not to Temptation.”)

Motherhood (placing second block on the table)—Education I must give my child, for it will bring him more happiness than ignorance can bring. Wisdom is more precious than silver; it is more beautiful than rare jewels. It provides safety from evil company and protection in time of danger.

Reader (from behind scenes)—“My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.”

(*Intemperance* enters from the left and stands before *Motherhood*.)

Intemperance (sneeringly)—Of what value is wisdom? When a wise man drinks with me, he forgets his wisdom and becomes a fool.

Motherhood (rising)—Away, O evil one! You shall not influence the life of my child. (*Intemperance* slinks away.)

Motherhood (placing third block on the table)—Here I will build for the spirit, so that my son may grow in spiritual fervor in the service of his Master. I will teach him faith and inspire him to trust in God, so he can always turn for guidance to his Father. Faith will ever serve as a beacon to lighten the darkest corners of his life.

(Hidden chorus sings one stanza and chorus of “Take My Life and Let It Be.” At the end of the song *Intemperance* enters.)

Intemperance—Strange woman, there is no life of the spirit. When your son’s brain is clouded by my fumes, what would he know of the spirit?

Motherhood (exasperated)—Again I say, away! He is not for you. (*Intemperance* shrugs his shoulders and departs.)

Motherhood (placing the last block on the table)—The last block in his life will rule over his social welfare, "for no man liveth unto himself." Each one depends upon his neighbors. He must give as well as take.

Reader (from behind the scenes)—

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

(At the end of the reading *Intemperance* appears in gay spirits.)

Intemperance (raising his hand as if to knock down the blocks)—Now I will crush the life of your child and knock it into fragments.

Mother (frantic, wringing her hands)—What shall I do? What shall I do?

(*Eighteenth Amendment* enters.)

Eighteenth Amendment (placing his hand firmly on the arm of *Intemperance*)—Come with me, thou mocker. The nation has outlawed you and no longer may you walk our streets. The lives of our young men must be protected. Come with me. (They go out together.)

(*Motherhood* kneels in the center of platform as chorus sings very softly "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.")

WHAT DOES BROTHERHOOD MEAN?

(Matt. 23:8; 1 John 3:17)

By GEORGIA LYONS UNVERZAGT

CHARACTERS.

BROTHERHOOD.
ENGLAND.
ITALY.

GERMANY.
FRANCE.
UNITED STATES.

COSTUMES.

Brotherhood wears a flowing robe, across the front of which is a placard bearing his name.

The characters of the countries may be dressed in the usual costume of the country represented, or they may wear robes with their names across the front.

(If desired, each character may carry a scroll on which is written his speech. This will do away with the memorizing; however, the playlet will be much more effective if the parts are learned.)

SCENE—On the left side of the platform stand two screens placed so there is an opening between them. Over the opening, which represents a door, is a placard bearing the words "House of Brotherhood." As the curtain is lifted a hidden chorus sings one stanza of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

(As the chorus sings one stanza of "God Save the King" ["Faith-inspiring Songs"], England enters slowly. Her entrance should be timed so that when she is at the center of the platform the song will end.)

England—For centuries I have been master of the sea. I have conquered distant lands because of my invincible fleet. In the sixteenth century I defeated the Spanish Armada, scattering the vessels with my great power. It was my incomparable navy that brought glory to my name when Lord Nelson gave the final blow to the sea power of Napoleon. Without my ships the limits of the world would never

have been conquered. Now I can say the sun never sets upon my possessions.

(From the house of brotherhood a soloist sings the third stanza of "The Recessional," by Kipling. England listens to the song, and, as it dies away, she walks slowly to the left and remains standing. Italy enters. If possible, the chorus sings one stanza of the Italian national air or any song suggestive of Italy. The entrance of the character should be timed the same as England's.)

Italy (in center)—No country in Europe can tell of her ancient glory as much as I. When England, France, Germany and the other nations were in a state of barbarism, I was the center of civilization. All eyes turned toward the majestic power of Rome. During the Middle Ages the great republic of Venice, the commercial leader of the world, controlled the trade with the far East. Where can be found a city having such a treasury of art as Florence, the lily of the Arno? Therefore I will rule the world and become the leader of all nations.

Soloist sings the second stanza of "The Recessional."

(Italy listens to the song, and, as it dies away, takes her place beside England.)

The Chorus sings or pianist plays one stanza of "The Watch on the Rhine."

(Germany enters. This entrance should be timed as the others.)

Germany (in center)—Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Friend Italy. I know your ancient civilization ruled the world, but what happened to it? You became weak and flabby, and we strong Goths came down and destroyed your feeble system. Where would you have been without our fresh, strong blood? Where would France be to-day if the Franks hadn't come from the north? And the early settlers of England, the Angles and the Saxons, were Germanic tribes. Everything in Europe's history traces its beginning to the Germans. Ha, ha, ha! I shall be the industrial leader of the world. What care I for the other nations so long as my own people prosper?

Soloist sings the fourth stanza of "The Recessional."

(Germany listens to the song, and, as it dies away, she takes her place beside England and Italy.)

The Chorus sings one stanza of the "Marseillaise."

(France enters. As the chorus ends, France is in the center of platform.)

France—It is very true that the Franks gave us new blood, but they were only wild barbarians until they were civilized by us. It took centuries of civilization before they became the great French nation. Germany claims to have laid the foundation for England, but, without the French civilization carried over by the Normans under William the Conqueror, what would have happened to the foundation? I contend that France is the greatest nation. Look back at the great names shining in our history from Clovis to Napoleon. Think of the brilliance of the French court. Look at the literary lights of France. When the allied nations needed a generalissimo, it was to France they turned for the great General Foch. Thus France has always been the leader and will continue to rule.

Soloist sings fifth stanza of "The Recessional."

(France listens to the song and slowly takes her place beside the others.)

The Chorus sings one stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

(United States enters. As the chorus ends, United States is in the center of the platform.)

United States—I, the infant of this group, care little for the past glories of which you boast. It is to the future that I look. My lands sweep from ocean to ocean. From the purple mountains of the West to the rock-bound Eastern shores my wealth lies unfolded. From the frozen Northern plains to the everglades of the South my glory spreads. My great cities tower to the sky. The wealth of no other country can compare with mine. Unquestionably it is I who am the leader in all fields.

Soloist sings stanza 1 of "The Recessional."

(The United States takes her place slowly beside the others. From out of the house of brotherhood comes Brotherhood.)

Brotherhood (addressing the group)—Before my house you have come, each boasting of his own prowess. However, each has considered himself alone. There has been no thought of brotherhood. Yet, by your own words, you have shown that each nation is dependent upon

others, and none is sufficient unto itself. Carnage and slaughter must cease. Violence and destruction shall no more be heard in the land. "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Come. [The nations come forward and Brotherhood joins their hands.] I will make a living chain of friendship and brotherhood. With the love of nations I will fasten every link till the chain of friendship unites every country on this earth. But this can only be done through the abolition of war.

"Peace should be made with all mankind.

It should be our care not only to make peace, but to maintain it.

But this will never come until we are persuaded

That quiet is better than disturbance, justice than injustice,

The care of our own than grasping at what belongs to others."

(The hidden chorus and the characters join in singing "Blest Be the Tie that Binds.")

JESUS AN EXAMPLE OF STEWARDSHIP

(John 17:1-7; Luke 2:49)

By GEORGIA LYONS UNVERZAGT

CHARACTERS.

MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

EIGHT SERVANTS.

COSTUMES.

The Master wears a long robe. About his waist is a cord holding eight large, golden keys. (These may easily be made from cardboard and gold paint.)

The Servants wear dark robes. Bathrobes worn backwards will answer for these costumes.

SCENE—A room.

Chorus sings one stanza of "True-hearted, Whole-hearted."

(As the curtain is lifted, the Master of the House is in the center, talking to the eight Servants, who are grouped about him.)

Master of the House—My servants, I am leaving you for a long journey. Before I depart I shall give you instructions concerning your duties during my absence.

First Servant—Master, it grieves us that you are leaving. For many years we have served you faithfully, and now the time has come for you to go. You may depend upon us to carry out all of your directions.

All—Yes, master, yes. We will always serve you.

Master (untying keys; gives one to the First Servant; First Servant kneels as he receives it)—To you I give the key to the door of Truth. It will carry you far along the path of life.

First Servant—"The Lord liveth, in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness." (Servant rises, goes to left and stands.)

Master (to Second Servant; Servant kneels)—To you I give the key to the door of Purity. It will unlock the entrance to the heavenly kingdom.

Second Servant (taking the key)—“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.” (Takes his place beside First Servant.)

Master (to Third Servant; Servant kneels)—To you I give the key to the door of Strength. It will guard you against all dangers that may overtake you.

Third Servant—“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” (He rises and goes to the right of platform.)

Master (to the Fourth Servant, who kneels)—To you I give the key of Bravery. It will aid you in protecting my mansion.

Fourth Servant (accepting the key)—“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” (He rises and takes his place at the right, next to the Third Servant.)

Hidden Chorus sings the first stanza of “I Would Be True” (“Hymnal for American Youth”).

Master (to Fifth Servant; Servant kneels)—Your trust is the key to the door of Friendship. Guard it well, for it will make many a rough place smooth.

Fifth Servant (accepting the key)—“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” (He goes to the left of the platform and kneels. There should be a distance of about four feet between the position he takes and the position of the Second Servant.)

Master (to Sixth Servant, who kneels)—Your trust is the key to the door of Service, for many will call at this house for aid, and your duty will be to minister unto them.

Sixth Servant (accepts key)—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” (He takes his place kneeling beside the Fifth Servant.)

Master (to the Seventh Servant, who kneels)—Your trust is the key to the door of Humility. Watch well yourself. Seek not the paths of pride.

Seventh Servant—“Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.” (Goes to the right and kneels. There should be a distance of about four feet between him and the Fourth Servant.)

Master (to Eighth Servant, who kneels)—Your trust is the key to the door of Aspiration. Always keep your eyes raised to the heavenly Father, for He will protect you.

Eighth Servant—“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.” (Goes to the right and kneels beside the Seventh

Servant. The Master is in the semi-circle which is thus formed by the servants.)

Chorus sings second stanza of "I Would Be True."

Master (addressing all Servants)—To all of you has been given a trust. Guard it carefully. Weigh prayerfully the promise of the great Master of us all: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you." And of the apostle: "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." The beloved John, writing from the Isle of Patmos, says: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

(Group holds position while chorus sings third stanza of "True-hearted, Whole-hearted.")

THINGS FOR WHICH WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL

(Ps. 103:1-13)

By GEORGIA LYONS UNVERZAGT

CHARACTERS.

A SOCIETY WOMAN.

A NEWSBOY.

A BLIND MAN.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

A BEGGAR.

A YOUNG MOTHER WITH A CHILD.

A FLAPPER.

SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

SCENE—A park in which are five benches.

(A society woman and her daughter, a flapper, are seated on one of the benches, looking scornfully at a young mother with her child seated on a bench opposite. The mother is trying to quiet the child, who is beginning to cry. Beside the mother sits a blind man.)

Mother (to Child)—Can't you be quiet? I brought you out here to get a moment's rest and a little fresh air. All morning I've stood over the washtub, rubbing my knuckles bare, and now I have to hear you crying every minute. A lot of pleasure I have in life. (Shakes Child.)

Society Woman (to Flapper)—There really isn't any satisfaction in coming to the park any more. These paupers and their children are overrunning the place. Everywhere you look there are papers scattered on the grass, initials carved on the benches, and here's the dirt left from their shoes on the bench.

Flapper (applying lipstick)—I don't see why the city allows such trash to come to the parks. They should stay down in the slums where they belong. We society girls are certainly entitled to some pleasures in this world. Just this morning, when I was riding through the park, a dirty little urchin got under my horse's feet and frightened Gypsy so that I had to put her in the stable. Here comes another pest.

(Beggar enters.)

Beggar (approaching the Society Woman and the Flapper)—Could you give a poor old man a dime to get a cup of coffee? I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday.

Flapper (powdering her nose)—No, indeed; I can't be bothered.

Society Woman (to Beggar)—If you don't leave immediately, I'll call a policeman. (The Beggar, looking dejected, goes to a bench and sits down. The Society Woman and Flapper talk in low tones. The Professor enters, reading a book. Without noticing the Beggar, he sits beside him.)

Beggar (to Professor)—Could you give a poor old man a dime to get a cup of coffee? I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday.

Professor (looking over his glasses in surprise)—My dear man, in what state do you find yourself—that of poverty or that of pauperism?

Beggar (bewildered)—Could you give me a dime?

Professor (interrupting)—How can you expect me to share with you my meager wealth when I can not determine whether you are a parasite or one in the state of legal pauperism? Now, sir, since you appear to know nothing on the subject of sociological problems, I will enlighten you as to the concrete causes of poverty. [Reads from his book. The Beggar understands not a word of what is being read.] The causes of poverty may be divided under two headings—objective and subjective. The objective causes may be subdivided under the headings physical environment and social environment—those of the social being more prolific. Among these the most prominent are unsanitary conditions of living, defects in our educational system, corruption in our Government, unrestricted immigration. [He stops reading.] And here let me add a word of explanation. [He looks up and is surprised to find the Beggar has moved to another bench. Shakes his head.] Ignorant and illiterate persons have no desire to be helped by a study of these sociological problems. (He resumes his reading. A Newsboy enters.)

Newsboy—Paper! paper! Here you are, paper all about the South End murder!

Society Woman (covers her ears)—Such noise nearly deafens me.

Blind Man—Here, boy. I'd like a paper. Of course I can't read it, but I'll take it home and perhaps Mary will read it to me. There isn't much joy in life for me, sitting here listening to all the complaining of these folks.

Newsboy—Gee, mister, I don't have much fun either. All I do is try to sell these papers, and people seem almost afraid to spend a cent. When I get home I have to turn the money over to my old

man, and he licks me if I don't bring in a dollar every day. Ain't much charity in this world, is there? [The Newsboy starts to leave, but hesitates when he sees approaching a figure clothed in a long, flowing robe.] Gee, what's this coming?

(Those in the park gaze upon the woman in surprise.)

Spirit of Thanksgiving (lifting her right hand)—I am the Spirit of Thanksgiving, and to my ears have come your complaints. You, madam [addressing the Society Woman], complain of having the poor around you. You have been blessed with material wealth which may be a blessing not only to you, but to many needy people, if you will share it with them. [Turning to Young Mother:] Though you have not wealth and leisure, you have the love of a good, honest husband, who toils daily that he may provide you with life's necessities. [Turning to the Blind Man:] While you are blind, you have a devoted wife whose eyes are always at your service. This child [touching Newsboy] lacks the kindness and devotion you receive, but he can still be thankful that the sight of all beautiful things is his. [Turning to the Professor:] Be thankful that you have the intellect to study human problems. Try to unite with it a little more sympathy with the down-trodden, such as this man [pointing to Beggar], who, while he has not your intellect, has through his sufferings kept more closely in touch with his fellow-men. Keep in mind each day this hymn of praise and thanksgiving, and you will all be happier. [Spirit of Thanksgiving reads or gives from memory the 100th Psalm:]

“Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.”

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL

(1 Cor. 9:16; Rom. 1:14-16)

By GEORGIA LYONS UNVERZAGT

CHARACTERS.

CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A DOCTOR.

A FISHERMAN.

A TAX COLLECTOR.

A SCHOLAR.

A PROPHET.

INDIA.

JAPAN.

CHINA.

AFRICA.

ALASKA.

COSTUMES.

They all wear bright-colored robes. Each character may carry something significant of his profession; *e. g.*, the Scholar may carry a book; the Tax Collector, a money-bag, etc. The Christian Traveler is shabbily dressed and carries a pack upon his back. In one hand he may carry a scroll on which are written his speeches, if the character does not want to give the time to memorizing them.

India wears a drapery of white cheesecloth.

Japan wears a gay kimono.

China wears a coolie-coat.

Africa has his face and hands blackened and wears a dark robe.

Alaska is draped in a fur rug.

SCENE—On the left side of the platform is a stepladder. One should be used that has at least six steps. In front of the ladder should be trees graduated, so that the small ones are near the foot and the tall ones near the tallest part of the ladder. This is supposed to represent a hill. If trees can not be obtained, green cloth could be draped over the front, or rather the side of the ladder, and boughs pinned to the cloth. The ladder is so placed that the side faces the audience.

At the foot of the ladder sit all of the characters except the Christian Traveler. They are talking quietly while the chorus, hidden behind the scenes, sings the first stanza of "O Zion, Haste."

(When the song is finished the Christian Traveler enters, walking slowly. He gazes about, but does not notice the men at the foot of the ladder. The group discover him.)

Philosopher—Sh! sh! some one is coming. Who can it be? (They all gaze eagerly at the Traveler.)

Doctor—He carries a pack upon his back.

Prophet—Beware! he may be a robber.

Scholar—He carries no weapon.

Tax Collector—Something he holds in his hand.

Fisherman—It appears he may be making a journey.

(Traveler comes closer to the men. They huddle together fearfully.)

Doctor (rising)—Where do you travel, stranger?

Christian Traveler (looks thoughtfully at the ground, then at the hill)—Up yon hill, my brethren.

(All the men crowd about him. The Fisherman tries to examine the pack.)

Fisherman—What do you carry in this pack?

Philosopher—And what is written on this scroll?

(The Christian Traveler looks thoughtfully, but remains silent.)

Prophet—Where does yon long hill lead, and why do you climb it?

Christian Traveler—My brethren, I go to tell all men of Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

(The group huddles together. Christian Traveler goes to the ladder and looks at it.)

Chorus sings second stanza of "O Zion, Haste."

(The group comes to the Christian Traveler and stands about him.)

Doctor—Why do you go to spread the gospel? What is the use?

Fisherman—Surely you can not climb the hill alone, and who can you find to go with you?

All—We can not go with you.

Christian Traveler (reading from his scroll)—"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." Hear the message.

Chorus sings the third stanza of "O Zion, Haste."

(The group listens to the music. When it has ended they turn and discover that the Christian Traveler has climbed two steps of the ladder.)

All—Come down! Come down! You can not go alone!

Philosopher—You will find no one there but enemies. They will kill you.

Christian Traveler (reading from scroll)—“Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?”

(The group draws away.)

Tax Collector—There are enough dangers here without climbing the hill.

Christian Traveler—Hear the message.

Chorus sings the fourth stanza of “O Zion, Haste.”

(All the members of the group listen, and, when the song has ended, they find the Christian Traveler has climbed two more steps of the ladder.)

Fisherman (starting to climb the ladder)—I will follow you and lend a hand.

All (pulling him down)—No, no, no. Come down.

Tax Collector—You must not spend your time in such a journey. Your boats will rot and your catch of fish will be worthless. Stay here and lay aside gold for your old age.

Fisherman—Yes, you are right. It is a fruitless journey. I will remain with you, my brethren.

Christian Traveler—“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: . . . Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than

meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

(While soft music is played, the Christian Traveler climbs to the top of the ladder.)

Christian Traveler (reading)—“God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.”

(During the reading of this Psalm a procession of characters representing India, Japan, China, Africa and Alaska come slowly, one by one. They kneel at the foot of the ladder. Then the other characters kneel at the ladder, and, at the end of the reading of the Psalm, they all join in singing “Blest Be the Tie.”)

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(2 Cor. 8:1-5)

By HELEN WELSHIMER

SETTING—Any room, very humbly furnished.

TIME—Late Christmas Eve.

CHARACTERS—Two Children and the Spirits of Christmas, Love and Giving. (The three Spirits may wear flowing Grecian gowns.)

A fireplace will add reality to the room.

As the playlet opens, the second child is hanging a stocking over the fireplace or on the wall.

First Child—

I wouldn't hang up my stocking,
We're not in the telephone-book;
So folks couldn't possibly find us;
For tell me where else would they look?

Second Child—

But the Spirits of Love and of Christmas
Go roaming up streets and down;
If the door's shut, they come through the chimney;
They enter each house in the town.

First Child—

Our street is so dark and so winding
Christmas could never come here;
It would take so long to locate us,
It wouldn't arrive till next year.

Second Child—

But the angels' song guided the shepherds;
The Wise-men followed a star;
Surely the Christ-child will tell them
To look down the street where we are.

First Child—

But all down the roads of the world to-night
Are places where small children live;
Perhaps by the time Christmas finds us,
She'll really have nothing to give.

Second Child—

It's just to know she has found us;
Besides, on this night of the year
The kindness and love abroad in the land
Are more than enough to reach here.

First Child—

Even if Christmas should find us,
With holly and candles aglow,
Whatever she placed in your stocking
Would slip through the hole in the toe.

Second Child—

Love mends the holes of the whole wide world,
Even hearts that are all patched and worn;
Everything's different when Christmas Eve comes;
Love will like it because it is torn.

(Fingers the hole of the stocking.)

(Enter Spirits of Christmas, Love and Giving.)

Christmas (steps forward and speaks)—

Your door was ajar, so I just slipped in,
Though I usually don't make myself known,
But you seemed to be waiting for some one to come,
And watching your stocking alone.

Second Child—

We're waiting for Christmas, I hope she comes soon;
She has so many places to call;
And our house is so small and our street is so dark,
Perhaps she won't find us at all.

Christmas—

I am the Spirit of Christmas,
Of holly and candles and bells,

Of chimes that ring out the glad message
That a Saviour in Bethlehem dwells.
I light up the candles and yule-logs
That brighten the sad hearts of men;
I bring back the song of the angels,
And they sing to the shepherds again.
I follow the path of the Christmas star,
And wherever the door will unlock
I leave a packet of Christmas cheer,
And I never bother to knock.
And all the way from a stable
To a princely land above,
I travel throughout the world to-night
With the Spirits of Giving and Love.

(Motions to them and they move forward a step.)

Love—

Wherever Christmas enters, Love must go on before;
Only my kindly spirit can unlock the world's closed door.
Only because God so loved the world He sent the Christ-child to earth,
Only Love could rule to-night over that kingly birth.
Love alone can bring sacrifice, alone can make tired hearts smile;
I travel with Christmas wherever she goes, and scatter it mile after
mile.

Giving—

They call me the Spirit of Giving that came on the first Christmas Eve;
Full well you have learned, in the years that have passed, 'tis more
blessed to give than receive.
Christmas is not for frolic alone, but some people made a mistake;
So Love leads the way before Christmas now, and I follow on in her
wake.
The angels sing in Judea to-night, their song follows me from afar;
And the gifts of the Wise-men and those that I bring are led by the
same Christmas star.

First Child—

I might have known you would find us,
As over the world you roam;
God sent His Son to the whole wide world;
Of course He would show you our home!

Spirit of Christmas—You asked for gifts and we have come, bringing Love, for when it is there all other gifts will come. We are told in an old, old legend that once a year, in the Kingdom of Cathay, on the birthday of the king, each subject was asked to bring a gift to the palace. There was only one condition: the gift could be anything, but it must be white. The rich gave him precious ivory and furs and sometimes a flawless jewel, and the poor brought white does and hand-fuls of rice. But all gifts were equal in the great king's sight, so long as all were white. Our King has a birthday to-night. He, too, has asked for gifts, but it matters not what they are if they are given in love. We can not give you the gold, frankincense and myrrh of the Wise-men to-night. But we can give a song and a guiding star and the love that sent the Christ to us.

Giving—

Surely you have not forgotten
That our King Himself was a gift
Sent down to earth to help us
With burdens we could not lift.
It was clear and cold in Judea,
The shepherds were watching their sheep;
The crowded inn was silent again,
The country had gone to sleep.
The street was as dark as where you live—
Nobody passed that way—
Yet in a stable in Bethlehem town
The Prince of the kingdom lay.
So the first Christmas came to a town
That was sleeping and hushed and still,
And Jesus, our Saviour, was born
In a manger on Bethlehem's hill.

(As "O Little Town of Bethlehem" is played softly the light grows dim and the characters disappear.)

HOW TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY

(Eph. 4:31; 5:1, 2)

By HELEN WELSHIMER

SETTING—Any room.

CHARACTERS—Two Girls.

(They are counting a small handful of money which has been removed from a savings-bank.)

First Girl—If I had a pocket of golden dollars, I could make people happy. But I haven't. I have nickels and dimes and quarters, and they won't buy very much. And it's Christmas time. I almost wish that Christmas wouldn't come. I keep thinking of things I should like to buy—and can't!

Second Girl—Who told you that it takes money to make people happy?

First Girl—Didn't the Wise-men, who traveled from the East, bring precious gifts? Gold and myrrh and frankincense? When we want people to know we like them, we give them something. Christmas is a time of giving and of happiness. They go hand in hand, and this year I won't be making anybody very glad.

Second Girl—Your idea of Christmas never grew up. You still think it is all based around a doll in a pink dress and a rosebud tea-set placed under a tinsel tree, and it isn't at all. It wasn't the gifts that made us so happy when we were seven and eight and nine; it was the love that placed them there, but we were too little to know it then. We waited for a jingle of reindeer-bells and a flash of a crimson cloak, and didn't know that it was the spirit of something beautiful that we sought.

First Girl—What do you want me to do? Go to the grocery and order a box of Christmas cheer like I would a package of breakfast food?

Second Girl—I wish you could. Put your money away and let me preach for a second.

First Girl—You couldn't tell me anything new. I know it all—I just don't believe it.

Second Girl—But it doesn't take money to make people happy! Just a smile that is a little gayer, a laugh that is a little merrier.

First Girl—Most people look worried to death just before Christmas. They are afraid that Aunt Mary's slippers won't fit, or Cousin Sarah won't like the picture for the dining-room wall, or Mrs. Brown will spend less for her gift than they will. You can't tell me!

Second Girl—And that's where they're wrong. You don't make people happy by expecting something from them that is better than the gift you are giving. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." You can't make people happy by worrying about the material value of your presents. You have to give something of the lilt and sparkle of the Christmas star and the gladness of the angels' song. You have to give because you *want* to!

First Girl—Oh, I want to, all right. That's not my trouble. But how can I walk into a store and ask them to wrap a silver star in tissue-paper and give me a quarter's worth of the first Christmas song, please?

Second Girl—You aren't trying to understand. It's the spirit and friendliness and love that prompt the remembrance that count. If you send a card because you *want* to, it means more than giving a king's diadem.

First Girl—I suppose I could say, "Merry Christmas! Go, look at the star for me;" or, "Pin this holly on your coat and listen for a sleigh-bell."

Second Girl—It's the spirit of Christmas that matters, that love for the whole wide world that sent Christ to us as a supreme Gift. When you understand that, you will forget the rest. The widow who went into the temple had only a little coin, and others had jewels and gold and silver, but the words that rang down the aisle when the giving was done were for her! The others had given from their abundance, but the widow had done what she could. She had given her all. It isn't *giving* that matters, it is *sharing*.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three:
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

First Girl (slowly gathering the money into a little pile again)—I think I understand. I wanted to *buy* things and give them, when the only gift that matters is not for sale at any market-place! One has to catch it in one's heart and hold it close, and then it glorifies

the commonplace, and we give and give and give of ourselves without knowing it. And the giving must be done to those who *need* it. [Looks at her money.] This won't go far, but will you come with me and see if perhaps it won't make a down payment on the corner of the star anyway?

In connection with Miss Welshimer's playlet, the following meditation called "A Christmas Thought," by A. W. K., in the *Pennsylvania Herald*, is appropriate:

" 'Oh, come with us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!'

"The above words from Phillips Brooks' beautiful hymn will be sung all over the world on this coming Christmas Day. Of all the Christmas hymns, we think sometimes this 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' strikes the most poignant note and responsive chord in the hearts of men.

" 'The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to-night.' Bethlehem indeed was honored, for it cradled the Saviour of mankind, the dear Lord Jesus, who came to show the world the new way of light.

" 'Where meek souls will receive Him, still the dear Christ enters in.' He did not come once to Bethlehem, and then forever fade away. He comes over and over, many times a day, to every soul that will heed Him. For now and all eternity the message holds. He pleads for your life, your service, your all. He meets you more than half-way. But, if the door remains closed, He can not enter.

" 'O holy Child of Bethlehem . . . be born in us to-day.' What better message can we give for this blessed Christmastide than a prayer that Christ will be born in us again; that we will accept His gracious and loving invitation, not by lip only, nor by false promises, but wholly, willingly, gladly, faithfully, loyally, by living and teaching the Word, by honoring Him and worshiping Him, by doing unto the least of His children, a full and complete consecration to Christ? Then, indeed, and only then, will we be able to sing with truth the precious words:

" 'Oh, come with us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.' "

JOY TO THE WORLD

(A Music Meeting.)

(Luke 2: 13, 14; Eph. 5: 19, 20)

By HELEN WELSHIMER

TIME—The night before Christmas.

PLACE—Anywhere. The front of the room may be lighted by tall, white candles, or a subdued light, and a more glamorous effect is gained if there is a curtain of white gauze which separates the stage from the audience.

(As the playlet opens, a Girl and the Spirit of Joy, the latter dressed in a crimson gown of cheesecloth to add a festive note, are present.)

Girl—Ma

So once again the Christmas star shines softly through the years;
The road that leads to Bethlehem from out the night appears;
And backward through the centuries men take that trail once more
To bring their fairest treasures to a stable's open door.
Just a stable on a hillside, half hidden from our sight,
And yet, though time has covered it, the world meets there to-night;
For those whose gifts are golden and those with naught to bring,
Alike to-night are welcome at the birthday of the King.

Solo (from off stage)—“The Birthday of the King.”—*THE BIRTHDAY SONG*

Spirit of Joy—I would be the first to bring a gift to-night, for I am Joy. The world was growing weary and its dreams were growing faded, two thousand years ago, until the song of the angels echoed across the Judean hills: “Peace on earth and good will among men!” Joy that had flown came back again; tired eyes grew bright, and men searched once more for the grail of happiness. So to-night I start on my pilgrimage from a hillside manger. My challenge comes in the song the angels sing.

(From beyond the stage the song “Hark! the Herald Angels Sing” begins. The entire audience may join in.)

Joy—Some say I am found where the great, white way tosses its spangled banners to the sky. Others look always to the end of a shining rainbow and think I lurk beyond. But I am everywhere. And I came to earth in the humblest manger of a humble land.

(Song from beyond again, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," in which the audience may join.)

Joy—It is still in Judea to-night. In the fields the shepherds watch their flocks, huddled together, for it grows cold as the hours pass. The head shepherd calls to the others who are weary, and warns them that perhaps there is danger in the hills, and they talk and laugh for a minute that they may not sleep again. Then suddenly there is a light—a wondrous light that never was on land or sea—made of all the silver of the stars and the shiningness of dreams that have lived in the world forever. And in the great, white light there is an angel, who brings the song I pass on to you to-night.

(Song outside again, "It Came upon the Midnight Clear.")

Girl—You speak of joy. Tell me what you mean. Is it the thrill of new pleasures, or is it the steadfastness of a contentment that does not pass? I have always thought of it as something too lovely to buy, something that life gives to those who pay her price.

Spirit of Joy—And the price is a heart that is consecrated to the King of kings. They are foolish who go searching through the flesh-pots for a happiness that is found only in the heart. If they would take the Star as a guiding light, the pilgrimage would bring them the joy they seek. If they would light candles at the Christmas fires, even as those who come now, the joy of Christmas would last for ever and ever, as they shall tell you.

(Enter five Children, who take part in the candle exercise. If they are dressed in flowing, white garments, the spirit of the theme is intensified. If they wear the usual clothes, the curtain had better not be used. The first child carries a tall, white candle; the second one a fat, red candle; the third, two small, white candles; the fourth, a colored candle in each hand; while the fifth, who takes her place in the center of the group, carries a gilded star.)

First Child—

A star led the Wise-men on roads new to them,
Till it paused o'er a stable in far Bethlehem,

So, for others who wander down strange roads to-night
We fill our windows with soft candlelight,
That those who will pass, as they journey afar,
May still catch the gleam of the Bethlehem star.

Second Child—

And the merry red candle would burn for twelve days,
And people would laugh and be glad in its blaze;
They had enough left to kindle the light
Of the new Christmas star a year from that night.
A year's not too long while my candle burns;
I'll keep it lighted till Christmas returns.

Third Child—

Still down dark streets, across the soft snow,
Small candles silently send out their glow;
Wherever they twinkle the carolers sing,
Right under the stars, till the long highways ring
With the message of peace and good will on earth
That the angels first sang on the night of Christ's birth.

Fourth Child—

Then, too, there are candles that shine on our trees—
Red, green and yellow, whatever you please;
But once they were white, for the sparkle and glow
Of the stars on the trees, on a night long ago,
Caused Luther to carry a pine-tree inside;
The first Christmas tree came on that first Christmastide.

Fifth Child—

But all of the candles that sparkle afar
Long ago caught their glow from the first Christmas star;
Softly they beam as they tell through their light
That a Saviour is born in a manger to-night.
And the star that the Wise-men saw at His birth
Glowes tenderly down as it shines on the earth.

Spirit of Joy—Light is always found where there is joy. There is a shining radiance as we would show you to-night. The candles gleam and the star makes a pathway because the Christ-child comes again.

(Song behind scene, "Joy to the World.")

THINGS THIS YEAR HAS TAUGHT US

(Deut. 8:1-6)

By HELEN WELSHIMER

SCENE—Any living-room. A few chairs will do.

TIME—A few minutes before midnight on the last day of the year.

CHARACTERS—Old Year, New Year and a Girl.

Girl (addressing the Old Year, who, wearing the proverbial flowing beard and garments, with a satchel in his hand, has paused as he starts to open the door; he also carries a staff)—You are not going away now, are you? There are so many things which I wanted to do that I have left undone! Wait just an hour—a day—Old Year; your treasures will be greater if you wait.

Old Year (coming to the center of platform very slowly)—My bag is filled with the intentions of people who never had time to do the things they should have done. They waited until to-morrow, and then, when to-morrow was to-day, they slumbered on. And still they had all the time in the world! I can not wait. My cycle is run and the sand is moving quickly in the hour-glass. Each year, in the land where time is born, a year is sent gaily and gallantly into the world. Some of us spend our days profitably. We are jubilant and shining when the long trail is ended. Others of us have packets of broken dreams in our bags. But, whatever account we bring, we must present it in the final court. I gave you 365 days, but now the book is closing and I am old, so old! [Leans on his staff.] What would you do if I could stay the hands of the clock?

Girl—I would be gentler, more sympathetic and judge others more kindly. To-night I have forgotten the petty triumphs of the year, but I see where I have been selfish and thoughtless. I would be more generous, more patient. Oh, I would live as though every day were the last day of the last year, that I might have no regrets when the final trumpet sounds. But I thought I had so much time!

Old Year—If you have learned wisdom, perhaps I have not spent my days in vain. I may still be proud to face the tribunal of those other years.

Girl—You have taught me, Old Year, that the thing that matters is not what the year has done to me, but what I have done with it! If I have taken the days—the dream blue or dim gray of the skies, the cool green of summer and riotous color masses when flowers bloom, the silver of moonlight and starlight and raindrops—and woven them into the tapestry as best I could, I have achieved the thing I would seek. You have taught me that it is not the number of gifts which you bring that will count with me, but how I use them!

Old Year—You are dreaming now, but when the New Year comes, and there is much time before you, what then?

Girl—But I have learned the place for dreams and dreamers. They are only glamor, gone in a passing breeze. One must *toil* to achieve. The hours have passed while I in my aircastles threw silver spires into saffron skies. To-morrow I shall place foundations beneath them.

Old Year—One year from to-night, when another year completes a pilgrimage, I shall hear if you have kept faith. Listen!

(As the Girl turns to hear the sound of silvery bells the Old Year disappears. From the opposite side of the platform the New Year, represented by a younger girl or boy, enters merrily. He, too, has a bag or bundle.)

New Year—Have you a boon to ask that you are waiting for me? Say what you want, for all my days are yours!

Girl—I want to take your finest gifts and use them. I want to keep tryst with every day!

New Year—I have silver stars for the plucking, but you must climb high to reach them, and now and then you may prick your finger on a shining point. I have lilting dreams and mountains for spanning; sea paths, sky lanes, white roads of day and purple trails for night; words that laugh with joyousness and tears for lonely hours. There are tasks in my bag, and only a few laurels scattered through them. There are many days when tin whistles blow to tiresome tasks, and only one now and then when adventure rides forth, steel clad, to seek the grail. But if you would have my accolade of faithfulness, you must take them all, gracefully and graciously!

Girl (takes bag)—Give them to me! One at a time I'll take the days and live them, and when you come back one year from to-night I shall be wiser and braver. Listen!

(Outside the bells are ringing again, and, to a musical accompaniment, she recites softly Tennyson's poem, "Ring Out the Old.")

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